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BULLDOG DRUMMOND

The Famous Thrill-story

by **SAPPER**

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SUPER DETECTIVE LIBRARY -- No. 3 -- BULLDOG DRUMMOND.

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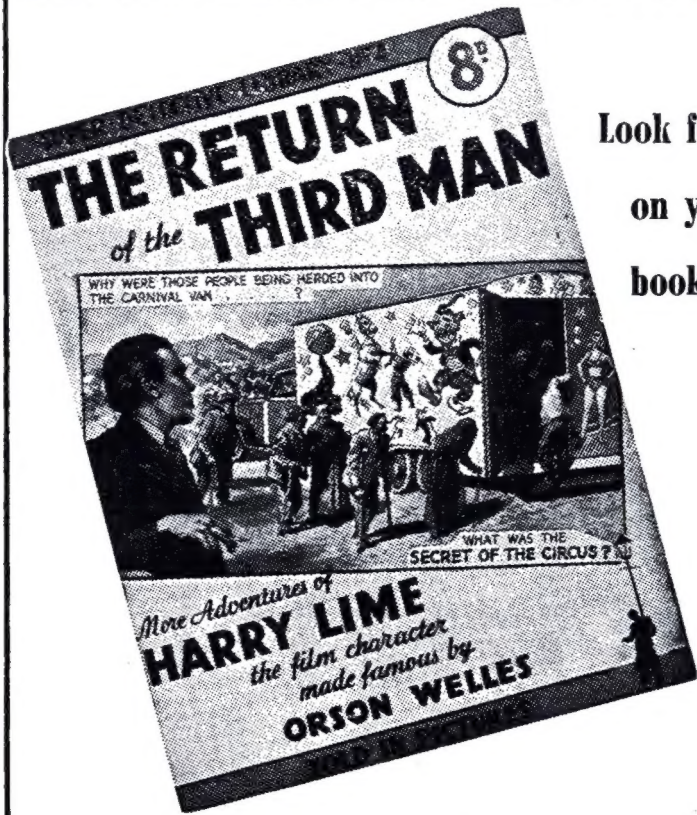

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BULLDOG DRUMMOND

BASED ON THE FAMOUS STORY
BY
SAPPER

CAPTAIN HUGH DRUMMOND, LATE OF THE LOAMSHIRES, HAD A DARING AND DISTINGUISHED WAR RECORD. BUT HE WAS FINDING PEACE MORE THAN A LITTLE TEDIOUS. THAT IS WHY HE CAME TO INSERT HIS NOW FAMOUS ADVERTISEMENT IN A LONDON DAILY NEWSPAPER. HE GOT QUITE A LOT OF REPLIES TO IT, AND ENLISTED THE AID OF DENNY, HIS FAITHFUL BATMAN, IN SORTING THEM OUT.. ..

DEMOBILISED OFFICER, finding peace incredibly tedious, would welcome diversion. Legitimate, if possible; but crime, if of a comparatively humorous description, no objection. Excitement essential. Would be prepared to consider permanent job if suitably impressed by applicant for his services. Reply at once Box X10

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER THAT THAT DENNY BECAME COMPLETELY ENGROSSED IN THE INSPECTION OF ONE PARTICULAR LETTER. A PERPLEXED LOOK SPREAD OVER HIS FACE, AND HE SUCKED HIS TEETH LOUDLY, A SURE SIGN THAT HE WAS EXCITED.....

HUGH DRUMMOND READ THE LETTER THROUGH RAPIDLY, AND THEN, TURNING BACK TO THE BEGINNING, HE READ IT SLOWLY THROUGH AGAIN.....

My dear Box X10.

I don't know whether your advertisement was a joke. I suppose it must have been. But I read it this morning, and it's just possible, X10, just possible, that you mean it. And if you do, you're the man I want. I can offer you excitement and probably crime. I'm up against it, X10. For a girl, I've bitten off rather more than I can chew. I want help – badly. Will you come to the Carlton for tea tomorrow afternoon? I want to have a look at you and see if I think you are genuine. Wear a white flower in your buttonhole.

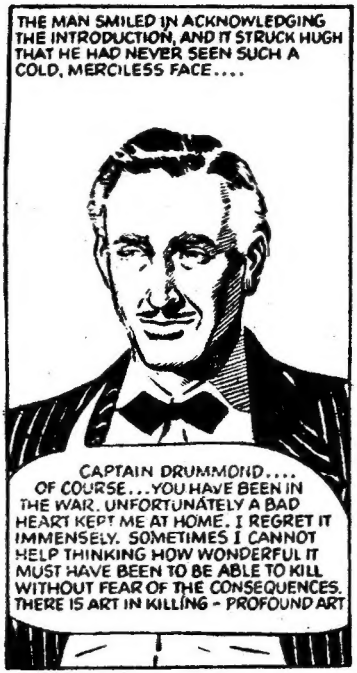
AT FOUR O'CLOCK HUGH ENTERED THE CARLTON AND STOOD LOOKING AROUND THE LOUNGE. AT THE FAR END, HALF HIDDEN BEHIND A PLANT, A GIRL SAT ALONE. FOR A MOMENT SHE LOOKED STRAIGHT AT HIM, AND THEIR EYES MET... DRUMMOND HAD NOT THE SLIGHTEST DOUBT THAT THIS WAS THE GIRL WHO HAD WRITTEN TO HIM.....

YOU'LL DO, X.10.
IT'S NICE OF YOU TO SAY SO. IF I MAY, I WILL RETURN THE COMPLIMENT. SO WILL YOU.

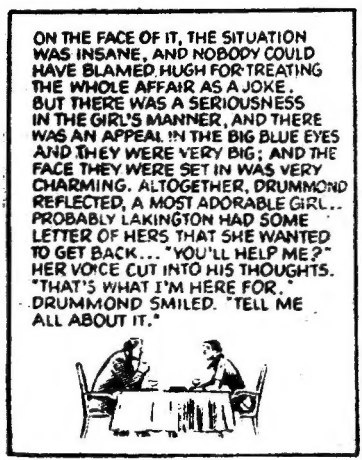
TELL ME, ON YOUR WORD OF HONOUR, WHETHER THAT ADVERTISEMENT WAS BONA FIDE OR A JOKE.
IT STARTED MORE OR LESS AS A JOKE. IT MAY NOW BE REGARDED AS ABSOLUTELY GENUINE.

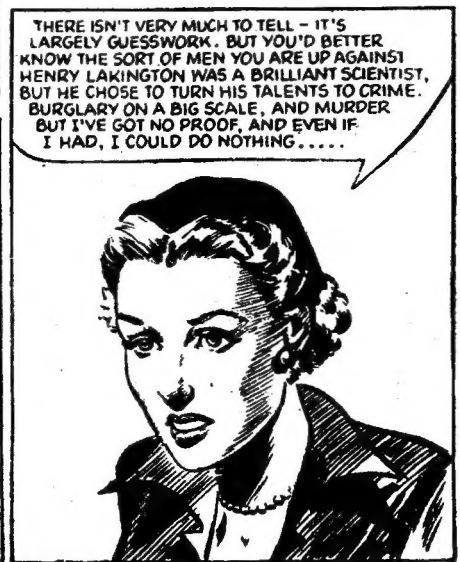
THEN, SUDDENLY, THE GIRL WAS LOOKING AT SOMEONE OVER DRUMMOND'S SHOULDER. AS SHE BENT CLOSE TO HIM FOR A LIGHT FOR HER CIGARETTE, SHE SPOKE SOFTLY AND URGENTLY.
DON'T LOOK ROUND, AND TELL ME YOUR NAME - QUICKLY!
DRUMMOND - CAPTAIN DRUMMOND, LATE OF THE LOAMSHIRES....

MY DEAR PHYLLIS, THIS IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE....
THE WORLD IS FULL OF SURPRISES, ISN'T IT? I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW CAPTAIN DRUMMOND, DO YOU? CAPTAIN DRUMMOND, THIS IS MR. LAKINGTON -- ART CONNOISSEUR AND-ER - COLLECTOR.


THE MAN SMILED IN ACKNOWLEDGING THE INTRODUCTION, AND IT STRUCK HUGH THAT HE HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH A COLD, MERCILESS FACE....
CAPTAIN DRUMMOND.... OF COURSE...YOU HAVE BEEN IN THE WAR. UNFORTUNATELY A BAD HEART KEPT ME AT HOME. I REGRET IT IMMENSELY. SOMETIMES I CANNOT HELP THINKING HOW WONDERFUL IT MUST HAVE BEEN TO BE ABLE TO KILL WITHOUT FEAR OF THE CONSEQUENCES. THERE IS ART IN KILLING - PROFOUND ART

LAKINGTON SAID LITTLE MORE, THEN TOOK HIS LEAVE.
IT GAVE ME RATHER A SHOCK, FINDING THAT MAN HERE. YOU'VE STUMBLED INTO THE MIDDLE OF IT, MY FRIEND, RATHER SOONER THAN I ANTICIPATED. THAT IS ONE OF THE MEN YOU WILL HAVE TO DEAL WITH...


ON THE FACE OF IT, THE SITUATION WAS INSANE, AND NOBODY COULD HAVE BLAMED HUGH FOR TREATING THE WHOLE AFFAIR AS A JOKE. BUT THERE WAS A SERIOUSNESS IN THE GIRL'S MANNER, AND THERE WAS AN APPEAL IN THE BIG BLUE EYES AND THEY WERE VERY BIG; AND THE FACE THEY WERE SET IN WAS VERY CHARMING. ALTOGETHER, DRUMMOND REFLECTED, A MOST ADORABLE GIRL.. PROBABLY LAKINGTON HAD SOME LETTER OF HERS THAT SHE WANTED TO GET BACK... "YOU'LL HELP ME?" HER VOICE CUT INTO HIS THOUGHTS. "THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR." DRUMMOND SMILED. "TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT."


THERE ISN'T VERY MUCH TO TELL - IT'S LARGELY GUESSWORK. BUT YOU'D BETTER KNOW THE SORT OF MEN YOU ARE UP AGAINST HENRY LAKINGTON WAS A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST, BUT HE CHOSE TO TURN HIS TALENTS TO CRIME. BURGLARY ON A BIG SCALE, AND MURDER BUT I'VE GOT NO PROOF, AND EVEN IF I HAD, I COULD DO NOTHING.....

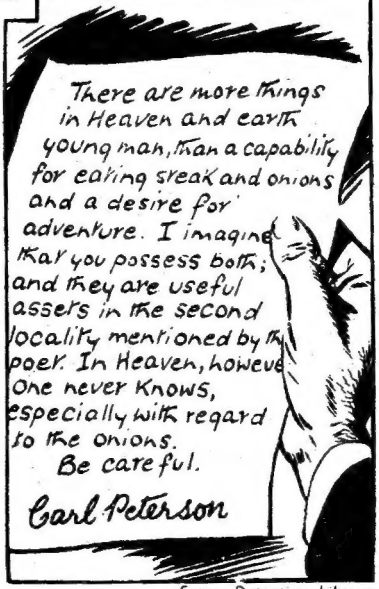
"ONE DAY, MY FATHER AND I WERE IN HIS HOUSE, AND, BY ACCIDENT, I GOT INTO A ROOM I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE. THERE WERE SOME MINIATURES ON THE DESK. I HAPPEN TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT MINIATURES, AND I RECOGNISED THESE. THEY WERE THE FAMOUS VATICAN MINIATURES, THAT WERE STOLEN FROM THE DUKE OF MELBOURNE. AND AS I STOOD LOOKING AT THEM, LAKINGTON HIMSELF WALKED INTO THE ROOM.' "
ADMIRING MY TREASURES? WONDERFUL COPIES, ARE THEY NOT, OF THE DUKE OF MELBOURNE'S LOST MINIATURES?
"THEN HE WENT OVER TO A BIG SAFE, AND UNLOCKED IT.... IT WAS FULL OF STOLEN TREASURES.
ALL COPIES – WONDERFUL COPIES.– AND SHOULD YOU EVER BE TEMPTED TO THINK OTHERWISE — ASK YOUR FATHER, MISS BENTON!

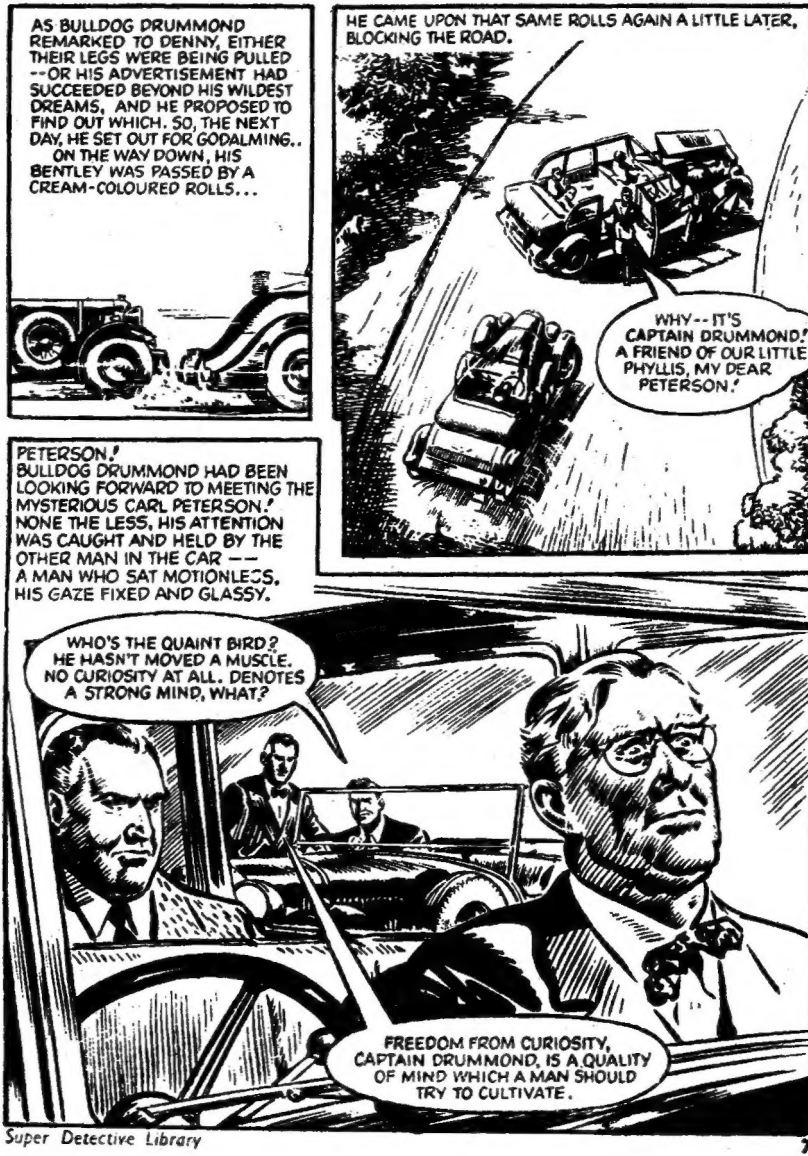
I DID ASK MY FATHER – THAT VERY NIGHT, AND HE FLEW INTO A FRIGHTFUL PASSION, AND TOLD ME NEVER TO DARE MEDDLE IN THINGS THAT DIDN'T CONCERN ME AGAIN. THAT'S WHEN I BEGAN TO REALISE THAT LAKINGTON HAD GOT SOME AWFUL HOLD OVER MY FATHER! DADDY – OF ALL PEOPLE – THE BEST AND DEAREST MAN WHO EVER BREATHED!

PHYLLIS BENTON TOLD HUGH MANY MORE THINGS CONCERNING LAKINGTON. SHE TOLD HIM, TOO, OF THE MYSTERIOUS CARL PETERSON WHO HAD LATELY COME TO LIVE AT LAKINGTON'S HOUSE, THE ELMS, AND FROM WHOM EVEN LAKINGTON HIMSELF SEEMED TO TAKE ORDERS. HUGH NOTED HER ADDRESS, AND PROMISED HIS AID WHENEVER SHE SHOULD NEED HIM. AND SO THEY PARTED COMPANY FOR THE TIME BEING. AND WHEN SHE WAS GONE, HUGH FOUND HIMSELF WONDERING WHETHER, AFTER ALL, HE HAD NOT BEEN EXTREMELY GULLIBLE.....

BUT WHEN HE GOT HOME TO HALF MOON STREET, THERE WAS A NOTE WAITING FOR HIM, WRITTEN IN A HAND HE DID NOT RECOGNISE.

THE STRANGE NOTE WAS ALL THAT DRUMMOND NEEDED TO REMOVE THE LAST DOUBTS FROM HIS MIND....




AS BULLDOG DRUMMOND REMARKED TO DENNY, EITHER THEIR LEGS WERE BEING PULLED --OR HIS ADVERTISEMENT HAD SUCCEEDED BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS, AND HE PROPOSED TO FIND OUT WHICH. SO, THE NEXT DAY, HE SET OUT FOR GODALMING.. ON THE WAY DOWN, HIS BENTLEY WAS PASSED BY A CREAM-COLOURED ROLLS...
HE CAME UPON THAT SAME ROLLS AGAIN A LITTLE LATER, BLOCKING THE ROAD.
WHY-- IT'S CAPTAIN DRUMMOND! A FRIEND OF OUR LITTLE PHYLLIS, MY DEAR PETERSON!
PETERSON! BULLDOG DRUMMOND HAD BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING THE MYSTERIOUS CARL PETERSON! NONE THE LESS, HIS ATTENTION WAS CAUGHT AND HELD BY THE OTHER MAN IN THE CAR -- A MAN WHO SAT MOTIONLESS, HIS GAZE FIXED AND GLASSY.
WHO'S THE QUAINT BIRD? HE HASN'T MOVED A MUSCLE. NO CURIOSITY AT ALL. DENOTES A STRONG MIND, WHAT?
FREEDOM FROM CURIOSITY, CAPTAIN DRUMMOND, IS A QUALITY OF MIND WHICH A MAN SHOULD TRY TO CULTIVATE.

SOON AFTER THAT THE ROLLS DROVE ON. FOR A WHILE HUGH SAT THINKING. THE MAN IN THE FRONT HAD BEEN DRUGGED – OF THAT HE WAS CERTAIN. SUDDENLY BULLDOG WAS GLAD HE'D BROUGHT HIS REVOLVER.
HE REACHED THE LARCHES ABOUT HALF PAST FIVE, WHERE HE WAS MET BY PHYLLIS BENTON.

IT'S DANGEROUS FOR YOU TO HAVE COME HERE. ONCE THOSE MEN SEE YOU – ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN. THEY SUSPECT EVERYONE...

WHAT A DISTRESSING HABIT. PROBABLY DUE TO LIVER. I MUST SEND 'EM A BOTTLE OF SALTS....

BULLDOG DRUMMOND WAS INTRODUCED TO PHYLLIS'S FATHER, AND INVITED TO DINNER. HE DECIDED THAT HIS BENTLEY MIGHT WELL HAVE A CONVENIENT BREAKDOWN, FOR HE WANTED TO STAY THE NIGHT – WANTED TO GET A LOOK AT THE ELMS, THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE NEXT DOOR.....

PORT, CAPTAIN DRUMMOND? I CAN VOUCH FOR THIS WINE.

BUT EVEN AS BENTON PUSHED THE DECANTER ACROSS THE TABLE, A CRY--HALF SHOUT, HALF SCREAM--ECHOED THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE ELMS.
AAAAAA
---AAGH!

WINE, MISS BENTON? IT WILL DO YOU GOOD. EERIE NOISES THESE NIGHT BIRDS MAKE, DON'T THEY? SOMETIMES IN FRANCE WE USED TO HEAR 'EM. STARTLED THE SENTRIES OUT OF THEIR LIVES.
BUT BULLDOG DRUMMOND KNEW THAT THIS HAD BEEN NO NIGHT-BIRD.

AS SOON AS THE BENTON HOUSEHOLD HAD RETIRED, HE SLIPPED OUT, AND FLITTED, SILENT AS A SHADOW ACROSS THE LAWNS TOWARDS THE ELMS....

KEEPING UNDER COVER, HE WORKED HIS WAY CLOSE ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO PEER IN THROUGH AN UNCURTAINED CHINK.

WHAT DRUMMOND SAW WITHIN THE ROOM WAS HARMLESS ENOUGH, SAVE FOR ONE THING -- THE EXPRESSION ON THE FACE OF THE MAN SEATED AT THE TABLE -- IT WAS THE MAN HE HAD SEEN EARLIER IN THE FRONT SEAT OF THE ROLLS...

WELL POTTS, WILL YOU SIGN -- OR MUST WE USE THE THUMBSCREW ON YOUR OTHER THUMB?

THE THREAT WAS ENOUGH; THE TERROR STRICKEN MAN AT THE TABLE SNATCHED UP THE PEN.....

BULLDOG DRUMMOND KNEW THAT WHAT HE WAS ABOUT TO DO WAS MADNESS, BUT HE HAD TO DO IT. HE DREW HIS REVOLVER, AND BREATHED A PRAYER THAT HIS AIM MIGHT BE TRUE AS HE SHOT OUT THE LIGHT.

FOR THE MOMENT, BULLDOG DRUMMOND HAD THE ADVANTAGE, FOR THE OTHERS COULD SEE NOTHING IN THE SUDDEN DARKNESS.

HE SNATCHED AT THE PAPER, WHICH STILL LAY UPON THE TABLE, AND PICKING THE DAZED SIGNER UP BODILY, RUSHED THROUGH THE WINDOW.

DRUMMOND SPRINTED ACROSS THE LAWN WITH HIS BURDEN. THERE WAS NO PURSUIT, BUT AS HE REACHED THE LITTLE GATE IN THE HEDGE WHICH DIVIDED THE LARCHES FROM THE ELMS, SOMETHING BURIED ITSELF WITH A VICIOUS *PHUTT* IN THE TREE BESIDE HIS HEAD.
A COMPRESSED-AIR RIFLE!

BARELY HAD HE GOT HIS DAZED COMPANION INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE LARCHES, WHEN PHYLLIS BENTON DASHED IN....
GET HIM AWAY, IN YOUR CAR. I'VE STARTED HER UP! DON'T WASTE A SECOND!
GOOD GIRL!

THEY MAY BE HERE AT ANY MOMENT!
LAKINGTON WON'T, AND IF YOU SEE HIM TOMORROW, DON'T ASK AFTER HIS JAW.... GOODNIGHT, PHYLLIS!

WHO THE MAN HE HAD RESCUED WAS, BULLDOG DRUMMOND DID NOT KNOW. BUT HE HAD BEEN TORTURED, AND DRUGGED, AND HE NEEDED HELP. BACK AGAIN AT HIS FLAT IN HALF MOON STREET, DRUMMOND PUT THE MAN TO BED, AND GOT A DOCTOR.
....KEEP HIM QUIET. A LIGHT DIET--NOT TOO MUCH MEAT, AND NO ALCOHOL.

THE DOCTOR LEFT, AND BULLDOG DRUMMOND FELL TO STUDYING WHAT REMAINED OF THE NOTE THAT THE MAN HAD BEEN TORTURED INTO SIGNING.

IF ONLY I'D MANAGED TO GET THE WHOLE NOTE. THAT DARN FELLOW PETERSON WAS TOO QUICK..

THE TORN NOTE WAS BAFFLING, TO SAY THE LEAST.

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H. C. Potts

PUTTING TOGETHER THE LOOKS OF THE MAN, AND WHAT THERE WAS OF HIS SIGNATURE, BULLDOG KNEW THAT THIS MAN MUST BE HIRAM C. POTTS, AN AMERICAN MULTI-MILLIONAIRE SHIP-OWNER. THERE HAD RECENTLY BEEN REPORTS REGARDING HIM IN THE PRESS. THE PAPERS HAD SAID THAT HE WAS ILL, CONFINED TO HIS ROOM AT THE CARLTON....

DRUMMOND'S THOUGHTS WERE INTERRUPTED BY DENNY.

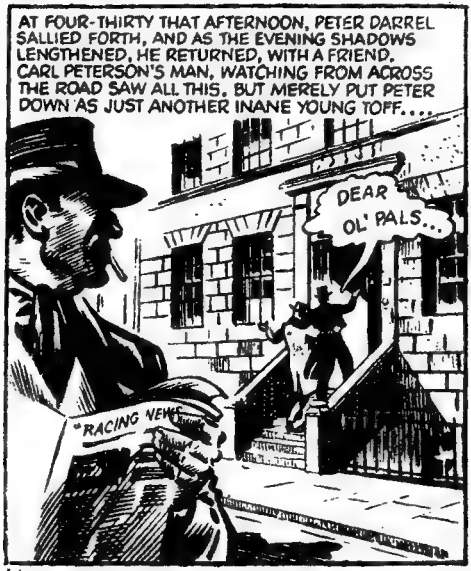
THERE'S A MAN, SIR, WATCHING THE HOUSE.

THE DEVIL THERE IS! THE GAME HAS BEGUN IN EARNEST, MY WORTHY WARRIOR, WITH THE FIRST NINE POINTS TO US. FOR POSSESSION, EVEN OF A SEMI-DAZED MILLIONAIRE, IS NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.

AS YET, BULLDOG DRUMMOND HAD NO INKLING OF WHAT LAY BEHIND THESE MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS, BUT HE FELT SURE THAT CARL PETERSON WOULD TRY TO GET HIS PRISONER BACK, FOR IN SOME WAY, POTTS WAS VALUABLE TO THE DESPERATE MEN WHOM PETERSON LED.
SO POTTS MUST BE PROTECTED. BUT HOW? HE COULD NOT GO TO THE POLICE, BECAUSE OF THE HOLD THAT LAKINGTON HAD OVER PHYLLIS BENTON'S UNHAPPY FATHER.

FINALLY BULLDOG SUMMONED HIS OLD WARTIME COMRADE IN ARMS, PETER DARREL, WHO HAD A FLAT IN THE SAME BUILDING, AND TALKED EARNESTLY TO HIM...
I'LL HELP, HUGH. BUT WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO WHIP UP A FEW OF THE BOYS, AND MAKE A SCRAP OF IT?
NO, PETER MY BOY. NOT THIS SHOW. THIS TIME LOW CUNNING IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

THAT AFTERNOON BULLDOG INSTRUCTED DENNY CAREFULLY IN THE LAYING OF A FALSE TRAIL, WHICH SHOULD DRAW OFF PURSUIT – IF ANY. THEN DENNY WAS TO MAKE HIS WAY TO A COTTAGE BULLDOG OWNED AT GORING. ALONE IN THE FLAT, DRUMMOND CAREFULLY WROTE A NOTE, WHICH FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER AMUSED HIM A LOT.


AT FOUR-THIRTY THAT AFTERNOON, PETER DARREL SALLIED FORTH, AND AS THE EVENING SHADOWS LENGTHENED, HE RETURNED, WITH A FRIEND. CARL PETERSON'S MAN, WATCHING FROM ACROSS THE ROAD SAW ALL THIS. BUT MERELY PUT PETER DOWN AS JUST ANOTHER INANE YOUNG TOFF....
DEAR OL' PALS...
"RACING NEWS"

BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL ELEVEN THIRTY THAT THE ATTACK, WHICH DRUMMOND HAD BEEN EXPECTING ALL DAY, CAME. THE KITCHEN WINDOW CREAKED, AS IT WAS OPENED FROM THE FIRE-ESCAPE OUTSIDE....

THE INTRUDERS FOUND BULLDOG DRUMMOND FEEDING HIS PATIENT FROM A BOWL OF GRUEL...

WHAT THE DEVIL IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

CUT IT OUT. THESE GUNS ARE SILENT. ANY NOISE, AND YOU DIE. YOU'RE COMING WITH US!

BULLDOG DRUMMOND WAS GAGGED AND HIS HANDS TIED BEHIND HIM. THEN HE AND HIS PATIENT WERE FORCED DOWNSTAIRS.

IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO TELL THEY WERE BUNDLED INTO A LARGE CAR, WHICH SPED AWAY THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARDS GODALMING.

CARL PETERSON WAS WAITING FOR THEM AT THE ELMS....

I HARDLY THOUGHT IT WOULD BE AS EASY AS THIS, CAPTAIN DRUMMOND! WHAT'S THIS – A LETTER ADDRESSED TO YOUR BANK? CAN IT BE MY MISSING NOTE?

THIS, MR. PETERSON, IS AN OUTRAGE. A FRIEND OF MINE.. ABDUCTED.. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

JUST THEN THE GAG WAS REMOVED FROM THE MOUTH OF "POTTS," AND PETERSON'S JAW DROPPED IN SUDDEN DISMAY.

THAT'S NOT POTTS!!

WHAT THE BLAZES DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOU FLAT-FACED SON OF A MALTESE GOAT? AND WHERE THE BLAZES AM I, ANYWAY?

WHAT'S THE BLOOMING JOKE, EH?

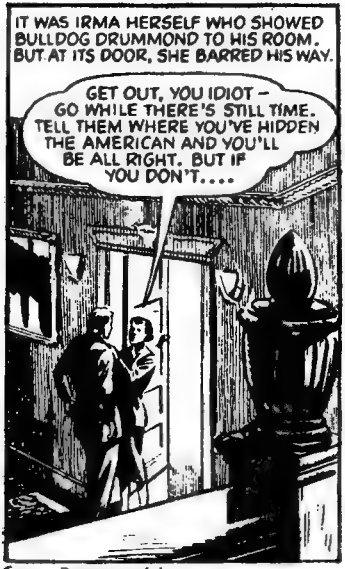
YOU MUST ASK OUR FRIEND, HERE. HE'S GOT THE BILL FOR IT IN HIS HAND.

TO CARL PETERSON

TO HIRE OF ONE DEMOBILISED SOLDIER, GETTING SAME DRUNK AND COMPENSATING SAME FOR SHOCK TO SYSTEM.... £20.0.1.

WHERE --IS -- POTTS -- CAPTAIN DRUMMOND?
TUSH TUSH. TEMPER, MR. PETERSON. I HAVE NO INTENTION OF TELLING YOU. AND YOU WILL NEVER FIND OUT IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME. SO THERE ISN'T A THING YOU CAN DO. I HAVE ALREADY ARRANGED FOR MY CAR TO COLLECT ME AT TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW, AND YOU MIGHT FIND EXPLANATIONS A LITTLE DIFFICULT IF YOU KILLED ME IN THE MEANTIME, YOU KNOW.

FOR A WHILE THERE WAS SILENCE IN THE ROOM, BROKEN AT LENGTH BY A SHORT LAUGH FROM PETERSON.
FOR A YOUNG MAN, YOUR PERSPICACITY IS GREAT. IRMA, MY DEAR – IS THE BLUE ROOM READY? TELL LUIGI TO SHOW OUR GUEST TO IT.

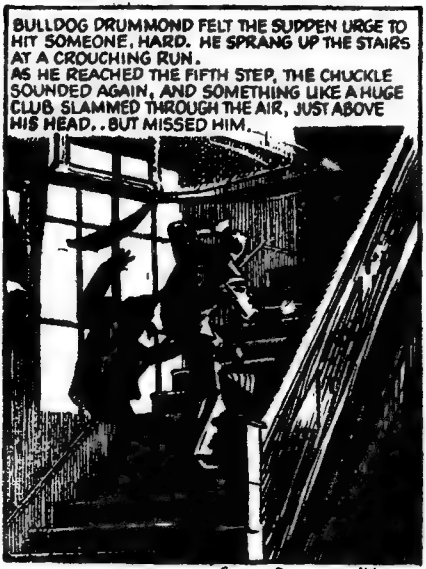

IT WAS IRMA HERSELF WHO SHOWED BULLDOG DRUMMOND TO HIS ROOM. BUT AT ITS DOOR, SHE BARRED HIS WAY.
GET OUT, YOU IDIOT – GO WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME. TELL THEM WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN THE AMERICAN AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. BUT IF YOU DON'T....

THEN, SUDDENLY THE GIRL'S TONE CHANGED, FOR, WATCHING FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS WAS CARL PETERSON....
BREAKFAST WILL BE AT NINE..... UNTIL THEN, AU REVOIR.

SOON ALL WAS QUIET IN THE ELMS. BUT BULLDOG DRUMMOND HAD NO INTENTION OF SLEEPING. HE SLIPPED SILENTLY FROM HIS ROOM....

HE CATFOOTED DOWN STAIRS, AND SOUGHT A CURTAINED DOORWAY HE HAD NOTED EARLIER. THIS, HE FELT SURE, MUST BE THE ROOM WHERE PHYLLIS HAD SEEN THE STOLEN TREASURES. BUT AS HIS HAND TOUCHED THE CURTAIN, THERE CAME A SHARP HISS IN THE DARKNESS, REPEATED WHEN HE MOVED AGAIN. HE RISKED FLASHING THE TINY TORCH HE CARRIED.....

THEN, FROM THE LANDING ABOVE, SOUNDED A LOW CHUCKLE.....


BULLDOG DRUMMOND FELT THE SUDDEN URGE TO HIT SOMEONE, HARD. HE SPRANG UP THE STAIRS AT A CROUCHING RUN.
AS HE REACHED THE FIFTH STEP, THE CHUCKLE SOUNDED AGAIN, AND SOMETHING LIKE A HUGE CLUB SLAMMED THROUGH THE AIR, JUST ABOVE HIS HEAD..BUT MISSED HIM.

BULLDOG RACED UP THE REMAINING STAIRS, HIS JAW SET LIKE A VICE, HIS EYES BLAZING. AT THE TOP HE FOUND AND GRAPPLED WITH THE UNSEEN MAN WHO HAD BEEN UNWISE ENOUGH TO CHUCKLE.....

ANOTHER HALF INCH, AND YOUR NECK WOULD BREAK. AS IT IS, IT WILL BE STIFF FOR DAYS. ANOTHER TIME, DON'T LAUGH. IT'S DANGEROUS.

THEN, LIKE A GHOST, BULLDOG DRUMMOND VANISHED IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS OWN ROOM

NEXT MORNING, ON THE WAY DOWN TO BREAKFAST, DRUMMOND COULD FIND NOTHING TO ACCOUNT FOR THE THING WHICH HAD WHIZZED PAST HIS HEAD ON THE STAIRS. NOR WAS THERE ANY SIGN OF THE COBRA. CARL PETERSON WAS IN THE DINING ROOM, ALONE.

GOOD MORNING! THAT COFFEE SMELLS GOOD. BY THE WAY, IS YOUR NECK HURTING YOU? NUISANCE, HAVING A STIFF NECK. MAKES EVERYONE LAUGH. BAD THING, LAUGHTER.....

CURIOSITY IS A GOOD DEAL WORSE, CAPTAIN DRUMMOND. FROM THE MOMENT YOUR FOOT WAS ON THE BOTTOM STEP LAST NIGHT, YOUR LIFE WAS IN MY HANDS. HAD I CHOSEN TO TAKE IT, I WOULD NOT HAVE A STIFF NECK THIS MORNING...

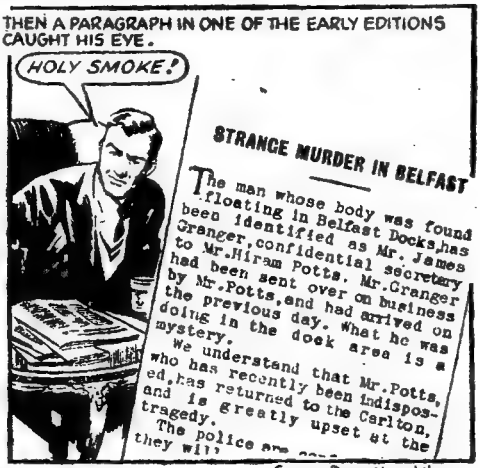
AND HAD I NOT BEEN OF A FORBEARING NATURE, YOU WOULD NOT HAVE HAD IT, EITHER.

HERE'S YOUR CAR--A LITTLE EARLY, I THINK. BUT IT CAN WAIT, WHILE WE GET MATTERS PERFECTLY CLEAR. YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO FIGHT ME AND THE INTERESTS I REPRESENT. SO BE IT. FROM NOW ON THE GLOVES ARE OFF. AMAZING THOUGH IT MAY SEEM, YOU HAVE SO FAR HAD CONSIDERABLE SUCCESS. I ADMIT IT, AND APOLOGISE FOR HAVING PLAYED THE FOOL WITH YOU LAST NIGHT. YOU'RE THE TYPE OF MAN ONE SHOULD KILL OUTRIGHT...

BULLDOG ORDERED HIS CAR TO WAIT FOR HIM AT THE ELMS, THEN WALKED THROUGH THE TREES TO THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR. ON THE LAWN HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF A FIGURE THAT BANISHED EVERYTHING ELSE FROM HIS MIND.
FATHER HEARD YOU WERE DOWN HERE. I'VE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT YOU.
I CALL THAT SWEET OF YOU. HAVING PEOPLE WORRY ABOUT ME IS NOT MUCH IN MY LINE, BUT I RATHER LIKE IT.

HAVE YOU FOUND OUT ANYTHING?
NOT A THING. EXCEPT THAT YOUR NEIGHBOURS ARE AS PRETTY A BUNCH OF SCOUNDRELS AS EVER I WANT TO MEET.
YOU'LL LET ME KNOW IF YOU DO? YOU KNOW WHAT'S AT STAKE FOR ME, DON'T YOU? FATHER, AND- OH! EVERYTHING!

BULLDOG DRUMMOND DROVE BACK TO TOWN, COMPLETE WITH THE EX-SOLDIER, MULLINGS, WHO WAS NONE THE WORSE FOR HIS NIGHT'S ADVENTURE, AND REWARDED HIM GENEROUSLY. THEN HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE JUNIOR SPORTS CLUB, TO THINK THINGS OUT.....


THEN A PARAGRAPH IN ONE OF THE EARLY EDITIONS CAUGHT HIS EYE.
HOLY SMOKE!
STRANGE MURDER IN BELFAST
The man whose body was found floating in Belfast Docks, has been identified as Mr. James Granger, confidential secretary to Mr. Hiram Potts. Mr. Granger had been sent over on business by Mr. Potts, and had arrived on the previous day. What he was doing in the dock area is a mystery.
We understand that Mr. Potts, who has recently been indisposed, has returned to the Carlton, and is greatly upset at the tragedy.
The police are

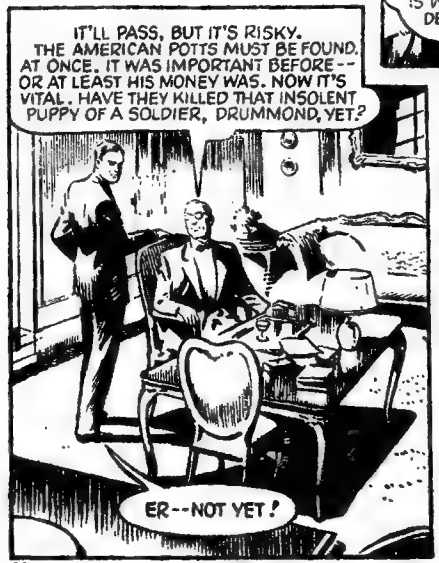
POTTS RETURNED TO THE CARLTON! I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE WAS CONSUMING SEMOLINA PUDDING AT GORING! THIS REQUIRES LOOKING INTO! WAITER--I WOULD LIKE YOU TO GET ME A TRUNK CALL---TO GORING 2X.

BULLDOG QUICKLY GOT THROUGH TO HIS COTTAGE AT GORING, AND PETER DARREL ANSWERED HIM. POTTS WAS THERE, SAFE AND SOUND. AS BULLDOG EMERGED FROM THE 'PHONE-BOX, PUZZLED, HE RAN INTO HIS OLD FRIEND, ALGY LONGWORTH.
ALGY, OLD BOY---IF A NEWSPAPER SAYS A BLIGHTER'S SOMEWHERE, AND YOU KNOW HE'S SOMEWHERE ELSE---WHAT DO YOU DO?
UP TO NOW IN SUCH CASES I HAVE ALWAYS SHOT THE EDITOR. COME AND EAT YOUR LUNCH.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND KNEW HIS ALGY. THAT YOUNG MAN'S FLIPPANT MANNER CONCEALED AN IRON NERVE. ALGY COULD BE RELIED ON. BULLDOG DECIDED TO ENLIST HIS AID, AND OVER LUNCH TOLD HIM THE WHOLE STORY.
MY VERY DEAR OLD BEAN -- IT'S THE MOST PRICELESS THING I EVER HEARD. ENROLL ME AS A MEMBER OF YOUR BAND. AND TOBY SINCLAIR IS RUNNING ROUND IN CIRCLES ASKING FOR TROUBLE. LET'S ROPE HIM IN.
GO AND FIND HIM THIS AFTERNOON, AND TELL HIM TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT ABOUT THIS. MEANWHILE I AM GOING TO THE CARLTON, TO SEE THIS MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF POTTS. YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME, ALGY.

SO BULLDOG MADE FOR THE CARLTON, AND ASKED TO SEE MR. POTTS.
MR. POTTS IS SEEING NO-ONE....
I THINK IF YOU WILL HAVE THIS NOTE DELIVERED, HE WILL SEE ME.
Urgent. A message from headquarters.

SURELY ENOUGH, "MR. POTTS" WOULD SEE HIS VISITOR, AND BULLDOG DRUMMOND WAS SHOWN UP TO THE ROOM. THE MAN WHO AWAITED HIM WAS NOT POTTS--BUT THE DISGUISE WAS REMARKABLE.
I DON'T KNOW YOU. WHO ARE YOU?
SINCE WHEN HAS EVERYONE EMPLOYED BY HEADQUARTERS KNOWN ONE ANOTHER? INCIDENTALLY, YOUR LIKENESS TO OUR LAMENTED FRIEND IS WONDERFUL. IT NEARLY DECEIVED EVEN ME.


IT'LL PASS, BUT IT'S RISKY. THE AMERICAN POTTS MUST BE FOUND AT ONCE. IT WAS IMPORTANT BEFORE--OR AT LEAST HIS MONEY WAS. NOW IT'S VITAL. HAVE THEY KILLED THAT INSOLENT PUPPY OF A SOLDIER, DRUMMOND, YET?
ER--NOT YET!

EVERY HOUR HE LIVES INCREASES THE DANGER TO US, HOWEVER, YOU HAVE A MESSAGE FOR ME. WHAT IS IT?

HUGH HAD ALREADY GOT MORE OUT OF THE INTERVIEW THAN HE HAD HOPED FOR, AND THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE GAINED BY PROLONGING THIS ENCOUNTER. BUT AS HE MOVED TO THE DOOR.....

WHO ARE YOU?

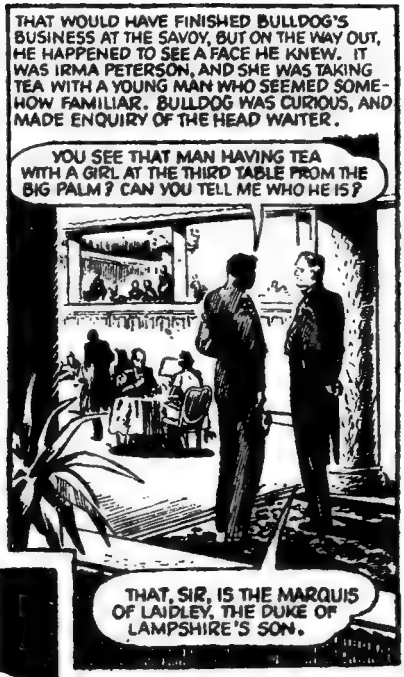
I AM THE INSOLENT PUPPY OF A SOLDIER, DEAR OLD BIRD. AND IF I WERE YOU, I'D PUT THAT TRINKET AWAY. YOU MIGHT HURT YOURSELF...

THE MAN WAS ALERT, DANGEROUS. EVEN SO, BULLDOG WAS TOO SWIFT FOR HIM.

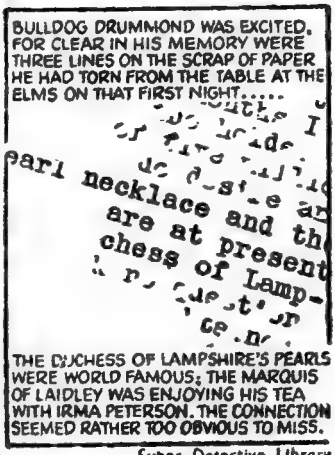
YOU'RE NOT VERY GOOD AT IT, ARE YOU? I COULD FINISH YOU EASILY, BUT I MIGHT WANT TO DINE HERE AGAIN, SO.....

BULLDOG GAVE A SUDDEN TWIST, AND A HEAVE.

I'LL KEEP THE TRINKET---AS A MEMENTO.


THAT WOULD HAVE FINISHED BULLDOG'S BUSINESS AT THE SAVOY, BUT ON THE WAY OUT, HE HAPPENED TO SEE A FACE HE KNEW. IT WAS IRMA PETERSON, AND SHE WAS TAKING TEA WITH A YOUNG MAN WHO SEEMED SOMEHOW FAMILIAR. BULLDOG WAS CURIOUS, AND MADE ENQUIRY OF THE HEAD WAITER.
YOU SEE THAT MAN HAVING TEA WITH A GIRL AT THE THIRD TABLE FROM THE BIG PALM? CAN YOU TELL ME WHO HE IS?
THAT, SIR, IS THE MARQUIS OF LAIDLEY, THE DUKE OF LAMPSHIRE'S SON.

THE DUKE OF LAMPSHIRE'S SON! YOU PRICELESS OLD STUFFED TOMATO! THE PLOT THICKENS!


BULLDOG DRUMMOND WAS EXCITED. FOR CLEAR IN HIS MEMORY WERE THREE LINES ON THE SCRAP OF PAPER HE HAD TORN FROM THE TABLE AT THE ELMS ON THAT FIRST NIGHT.....
earl necklace and th
are at present
chess of Lamp-
THE DUCHESS OF LAMPSHIRE'S PEARLS WERE WORLD FAMOUS; THE MARQUIS OF LAIDLEY WAS ENJOYING HIS TEA WITH IRMA PETERSON. THE CONNECTION SEEMED RATHER TOO OBVIOUS TO MISS.

THAT EVENING, HUGH DRUMMOND JOINED HIS FRIENDS AT HIS COTTAGE AT GORING, WHERE POTTS WAS BEING CARED FOR. BUT ENQUIRIES FROM DENNY BROUGHT TO LIGHT A FACT THAT TROUBLED HIM.

DENNY TELLS ME THAT A MAN CAME HERE THIS AFTERNOON ABOUT THE WATER.

SEEMS A RIGHTEOUS PROCEEDING, DEAR OLD THING.

I SHOULD SAY THAT ABOUT FIVE HOURS AGO, PETERSON FOUND OUT THAT POTTS WAS HERE. IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT FOR HIM TO DISCOVER THAT I OWN THIS PLACE, AND HE MUST HAVE SENT A MAN TO CHECK UP. WE CAN EXPECT TROUBLE. WE'LL TAKE IT IN TURNS, TWO AT A TIME, TO SIT UP WITH POTTS

BUT AS HUGH TALKED THE OTHERS SEEMED TO WILT.

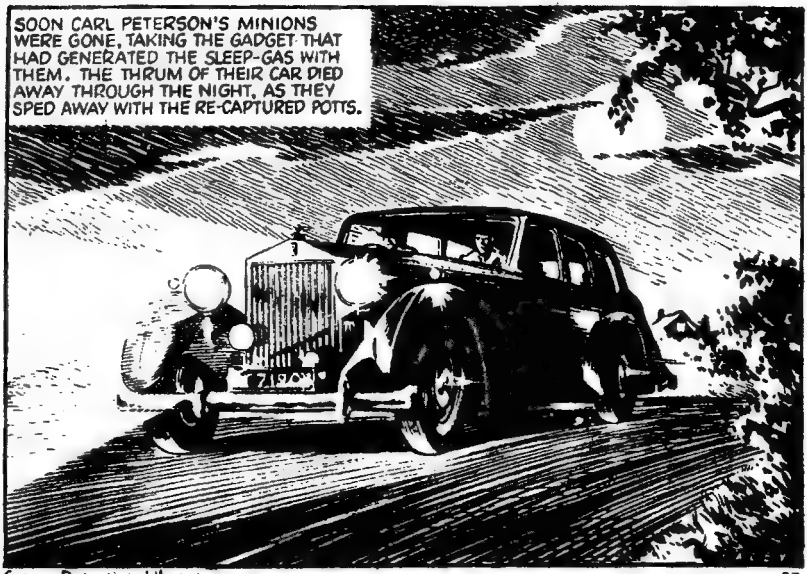
HI ---- YOU BLIGHTERS -- WAKE UP!

SORRY, HUGH --- FEEL --- INFERNALLY --- SLEEPY...

BULLDOG FELT HIS OWN HEAD SAGGING--THE PIPE DROPPED FROM HIS LIPS. HE TRIED TO REACH THE WINDOW, TO OPEN IT, BUT SUDDENLY HIS LEGS SEEMED NOT TO BELONG TO HIM.
GASSED -- WE'VE BEEN GASSED..

THE LAST THING HUGH REMEMBERED WAS A MASKED FACE, LOOKING IN AT THE WINDOW.

THE MASKED MAN WAS HENRY LAKINGTON, AND AS HIS MEN CARRIED POTTS AWAY...
I COULD SETTLE WITH YOU NOW, YOU YOUNG SWINE, BUT I WON'T. BEFORE I'VE FINISHED WITH YOU, YOU'LL SCREAM FOR MERCY---AND YOU WON'T GET IT...


SOON CARL PETERSON'S MINIONS WERE GONE, TAKING THE GADGET THAT HAD GENERATED THE SLEEP-GAS WITH THEM. THE THRUM OF THEIR CAR DIED AWAY THROUGH THE NIGHT, AS THEY SPED AWAY WITH THE RE-CAPTURED POTTS.

BREAKFAST WAS A DISMAL AFFAIR, AND AFTER IT WAS OVER, THEY MADE FOR LONDON. THERE THEY CONTRIVED BY VARIOUS MEANS TO CLEAR THEIR ACHING HEADS, AND AFTER A COUNCIL OF WAR OVER LUNCH, THEY ROPED IN THE SERVICES OF TWO FURTHER STALWARTS, JERRY SEYMOUR AND TED JERNINGHAM, AND PLANS WERE MADE FOR AN ATTACK ON THE ELMS.

THAT EVENING BULLDOG DRUMMOND MOTORED DOWN TO GODALMING, ALONE. THE OTHERS, HE KNEW, WOULD NOT FAIL HIM. THEY WOULD ARRIVE IN ALGY LONGWORTH'S CAR.

AS BULLDOG HAD EXPECTED, THE HULLABALOO AT THE FRONT GATE BROUGHT PETERSON'S GANGSTERS RUNNING OUT....
BULLDOG SLIPPED SWIFTLY IN...

BULLDOG TORE UPSTAIRS. HE FOUND POTTS IN A BEDROOM, WITH A GUARD. THE MAN WAS ARMED -- BUT SO WAS BULLDOG.

IT WAS ONLY A TOY WATER-PISTOL, BUT IT WAS LOADED WITH AN ANÆSTHETIC.

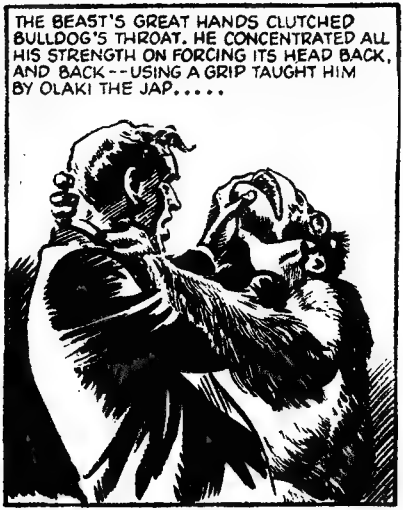
BULLDOG SLUNG POTTS OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND RAN FOR IT. BUT AS HE REACHED THE LAWN BELOW, HE CURSED HIMSELF FOR NOT HAVING TAKEN THE TROUBLE TO TIE UP THE AMERICAN'S GUARD.....

HE'S GOT POTTS! THIS WAY! *THIS WAY!*

THE HUNT WAS FAIRLY UP NOW. BULLDOG KNEW THAT PETERSON'S MEN WOULD BE EVERYWHERE. THEN, THROUGH THE DARKNESS, CAME THE SCRAPING CLANG OF A HEAVY BOLT BEING WITHDRAWN ...A CAGE WAS BEING OPENED... CARL PETERSON HAD OTHER PETS THAN HIS COBRA...

BULLDOG HEARD THE THING MOVING ABOUT IN THE BUSHES NEARBY, AND KNEW THAT IT HAD FOUND HIM. HE LOWERED POTTS TO THE GROUND....

BULLDOG TOOK A STEP FORWARD, AND WITH A SNARL, A CROUCHING FORM SHAMBLED TOWARDS HIM. IT WAS A PARTIALLY GROWN GORILLA!


THE BEAST'S GREAT HANDS CLUTCHED BULLDOG'S THROAT. HE CONCENTRATED ALL HIS STRENGTH ON FORCING ITS HEAD BACK, AND BACK--USING A GRIP TAUGHT HIM BY OLAKI THE JAP.....

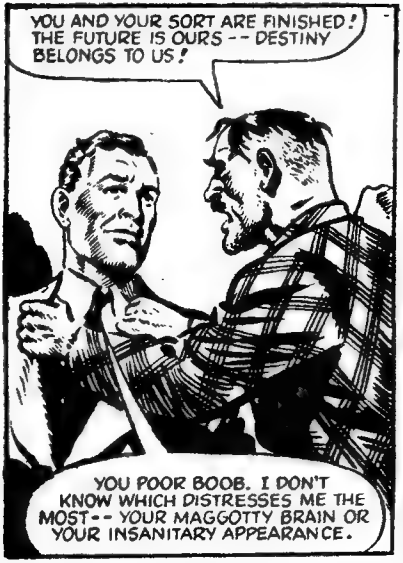
BULLDOG FELT SOMETHING SNAP, AND THE BEAST WENT LIMP. THEN HE HIMSELF SANK TO THE GROUND, UTTERLY EXHAUSTED. BUT BY NOW, PETERSON AND HIS MEN HAD LOCATED HIM.
QUITE ONE OF THE MOST AMUSING ENTERTAINMENTS I'VE SEEN FOR A LONG WHILE. THE LAST MAN POOR SAMBO HAD WORDS WITH FINISHED UP VERY DEAD.

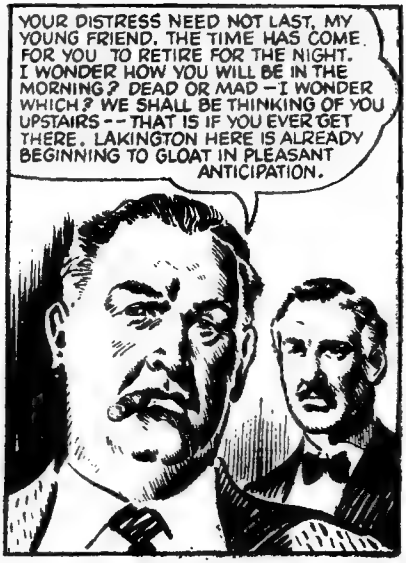
BULLDOG'S PLAN FOR RESCUE HAD FAILED. AT GUN-POINT HE WAS CONDUCTED TO THE NOW FAMILIAR SITTING ROOM OF THE ELMS, BUT THERE HE FOUND A NUMBER OF MEN HE HAD NOT SEEN BEFORE. THEY WERE OF A TYPE HE PUT DOWN AS TUB-THUMPERS--POLITICAL TROUBLE MAKERS OF THE WORST KIND.

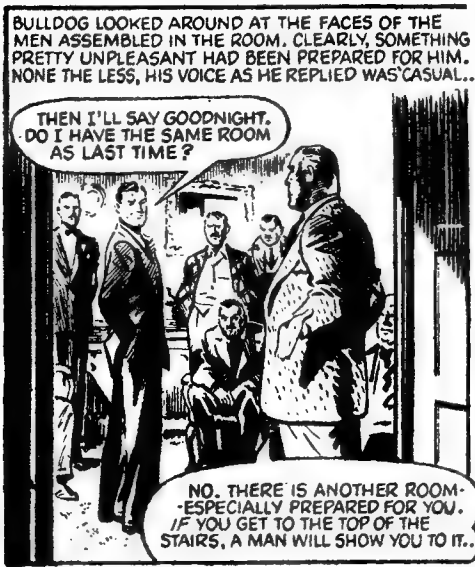
WAS THIS PETERSON'S SCHEME? WAS HE PLANNING TO USE MEN LIKE THESE TO THROW ENGLAND INTO A BLOODY REVOLUTION? THEN WHERE DID POTTS FIT IN--AND WHAT ABOUT THE DUCHESS OF LAMPHIRE'S PEARLS?

BULLDOG LISTENED TO ONE OF THE MEN HARANGUING ABOUT THE GLORIES OF THE FREEDOM THAT WOULD COME AFTER THE BATTLE--AND WAS BAFFLED.

HE CAUGHT PETERSON'S EYE, AND KNEW THAT WHATEVER THESE WORDY WINDBAGS THOUGHT, PETERSON'S REAL AIMS WERE VERY DIFFERENT.


YOU AND YOUR SORT ARE FINISHED! THE FUTURE IS OURS -- DESTINY BELONGS TO US!
YOU POOR BOOB. I DON'T KNOW WHICH DISTRESSES ME THE MOST -- YOUR MAGGOTTY BRAIN OR YOUR INSANITARY APPEARANCE.


YOUR DISTRESS NEED NOT LAST, MY YOUNG FRIEND. THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO RETIRE FOR THE NIGHT. I WONDER HOW YOU WILL BE IN THE MORNING? DEAD OR MAD -- I WONDER WHICH? WE SHALL BE THINKING OF YOU UPSTAIRS -- THAT IS IF YOU EVER GET THERE. LAKINGTON HERE IS ALREADY BEGINNING TO GLOAT IN PLEASANT ANTICIPATION.


BULLDOG LOOKED AROUND AT THE FACES OF THE MEN ASSEMBLED IN THE ROOM. CLEARLY, SOMETHING PRETTY UNPLEASANT HAD BEEN PREPARED FOR HIM. NONE THE LESS, HIS VOICE AS HE REPLIED WAS CASUAL..
THEN I'LL SAY GOODNIGHT. DO I HAVE THE SAME ROOM AS LAST TIME?
NO. THERE IS ANOTHER ROOM--ESPECIALLY PREPARED FOR YOU. IF YOU GET TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, A MAN WILL SHOW YOU TO IT..

AT THAT MOMENT ALL THE LIGHTS WENT OUT. BULLDOG STOOD TENSE IN THE DARKNESS, SENSING DANGER ALL AROUND HIM.
IN THE DARKNESS, A MAN BRUSHED PAST. BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S FIST CHOPPED OUT SWIFTLY, AND THEN HIS OTHER HAND CLOSED ON THE MAN'S ARM

HOLDING HIS DAZED CAPTIVE BEFORE HIM AS A SHIELD, HE DARTED FOR THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS.
UPPERMOST IN BULLDOG'S MIND WAS THE MENACE OF THE THING THAT HAD STRUCK AT HIM OUT OF THE DARKNESS. THE NIGHT BEFORE:-- THE SWINGING CLUB THAT MADE THE FIFTH STEP OF THOSE STAIRS A DEATH TRAP. HE LIFTED HIS BURDEN HIGHER IN FRONT OF HIM, AND BEGAN TO CLIMB....

SUDDENLY CARL PETERSON'S VOICE SOUNDED FROM BELOW.
REMEMBER THE FIFTH STEP, CAPTAIN DRUMMOND? MY HAND IS ON THE SWITCH!
GO AHEAD, CHUM. I'M JUST ABOUT TO STEP ON IT!

BUT IT WAS BULLDOG'S HUMAN SHIELD THAT TOOK THE BRUNT OF THE BLOW FROM THE SWINGING CLUB -- A BLOW THAT WRENCHED HIM OUT OF BULLDOG'S GRIP, SO THAT HE THUDDED DOWN TO THE HALL BELOW. FROM BELOW CAME A CONFUSION OF SHOUTS, AS BULLDOG LEAPED ON UP THE STAIRS TOWARDS THE LANDING ABOVE.
YOU FOOL PETERSON -- YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON AGAIN, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF BULLDOG DRUMMOND.
THAT FOOL IVOLSKY --WHY COULDN'T HE KEEP STILL, AS HE WAS TOLD! FIND BULLDOG DRUMMOND --QUICKLY! HE MUSN'T GET AWAY!

A FRANTIC, HECTIC SEARCH STARTED, BUT IN VAIN. ALL THE WHILE, BULLDOG WAS NEAR AT HAND, WATCHING IT...

HE WENT THIS WAY-- THE WINDOW WAS OPEN. PERHAPS HE MADE FOR BENTON'S HOUSE.

HE DIDN'T. WE LOOKED, AND HIS CAR'S STILL THERE!

AFTER A WHILE THE SOUNDS OF SEARCHING DIED AWAY, BULLDOG STARTED TO EXPLORE THE ROOF, AND FOUND THAT IT FORMED A SORT OF "WELL", WITH A BIG SKYLIGHT IN THE CENTRE.

IT'S CERTAINLY A NUISANCE THAT WE'VE LOST IVOLSKY. HE COULD TALK MORE DRIVEL TO THE MINUTE THAN ALL THE OTHERS PUT TOGETHER. NOW I SHALL HAVE TO FIND SOMEBODY ELSE TO STIR UP TROUBLE IN THE MIDLANDS!

CURSE BULLDOG DRUMMOND!

BULLDOG CREPT NEAR TO THE SKYLIGHT, AND LOOKED IN.....

LUCKILY THE LIQUID IN THIS TANK GIVES US THE MEANS OF DISPOSING OF WHAT REMAINS OF IVOLSKY.

YES. YOU EXCEL AT THESE DETAILS, LAKINGTON. PERSONALLY, I PREFER BIGGER THINGS--BROAD SWEEPING EFFECTS. THAT IS WHERE THE BIG MONEY LIES.

THEN SHE TURNED TO CARL PETERSON....

AS TO THE OTHER AFFAIR, I HAVE SEEN WALTER. HE CAME OVER FROM PARIS, AND HE SAYS THAT VON GRATZ AND HOCKING ARE UNEASY ABOUT THE AMERICAN. THEY THREATEN TO WITHDRAW THEIR SUPPORT UNLESS HE COMES INTO THE DEAL. WALTER THINKS YOU HAD BETTER GO TO PARIS.

IT'S VERY INCONVENIENT, WITH THE LAMPSHIRE AFFAIR COMING TO A HEAD. BUT I MUST GO -- A MILLION POUNDS IS AT STAKE. POTTS MUST BE MADE TO SIGN -- TONIGHT. THEN I CAN TAKE HIS SIGNATURE WITH ME TO THE MEETING AT THE RITZ IN PARIS.

VON GRATZ -- HOCKING -- DRUMMOND KNEW THOSE WERE THE NAMES OF TWO VASTLY WEALTHY INDUSTRIALISTS. DIMLY, HE BEGAN TO SEE A LITTLE MEANING IN ALL THE MYSTERIOUS HAPPENINGS. THE MEN HE HAD SEEN DOWNSTAIRS WERE TYPICAL POLITICAL TROUBLE-MAKERS.

COULD IT BE THAT PETERSON HAD UNDERTAKEN TO STIR UP INDUSTRIAL TROUBLE IN THIS COUNTRY -- TO CAUSE VAST STRIKES -- WHICH WOULD BE TO THE ADVANTAGE OF THESE MEN? AND WAS A MILLION POUNDS HIS FEE? BUT THEN, WHERE DID THE LAMPSHIRE PEARLS FIT INTO THE PICTURE?

AS BULLDOG WATCHED, POTTS WAS WHEELED IN, AND GIVEN AN INJECTION TO REVIVE HIM.

I WON'T SIGN -- IT'S AN OUTRAGE! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME SIGN!

BUT YOU MUST SIGN. YOU ARE ALTOGETHER TOO BIG AN EMPLOYER OF LABOUR, MR. POTTS, NOT TO BE IN ON OUR SCHEME. YOU COULD WRECK IT, IF YOU WERE NOT WITH US. SO YOU SEE, YOU MUST SIGN.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND ACTED THEN, ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT. OBVIOUSLY HE COULDN'T STAND BY AND SEE POTTS TORTURED AGAIN.
PEEP-BO! CLIP HIM ON THE JAW, POTTS MY BOY--BUT DON'T YOU SIGN!

PETERSON, LAKINGTON, AND IRMA DARTED FROM THE ROOM TO FETCH WEAPONS, OR LADDERS WITH WHICH THEY MIGHT GET AT BULLDOG. FOR A MOMENT, POTTS WAS ALONE.
GET OUT OF HERE--QUICKLY! MAKE FOR THE LARCHES, THE HOUSE ACROSS THE LAWN. WHEN YOU GET THERE, CALL FOR PHYLLIS--YOU UNDERSTAND?
Y-YES..... YES.

WHEN CARL PETERSON CAME HURRYING AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE BULLDOG DRUMMOND WAS ENSCONCED AGAINST A CHIMNEY, IN EASY SIGHT OF THE MAIN ROAD. BY NOW, THE LIGHT OF DAWN WAS CREEPING FROM THE EAST....
♫ YOU'RE THEE DAR---LING OF MY HEA-RT---SWEEEEET NELL-EEEEE DEEEE-AN! ♫

BULLDOG HAD HAD AN IDEA--DELIGHTFUL IN ITS SIMPLICITY. THE LAST THING PETERSON WANTED, HE REASONED, WAS PUBLICITY. AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE BULLDOG'S CONCERT HAD ATTRACTED QUITE AN AUDIENCE...

SWEE-E-E-E-E-ET ADDY-LINE...

TAYLOR'S DAIRY

WHILE CARL PETERSON WAS TRYING TO SATISFY THE CURIOSITY OF THE VILLAGE POLICEMAN, BULLDOG'S FRIENDS ARRIVED FROM THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR. THE RAGE UPON THE FACES OF THE CROOKS, AND THEIR TOTAL INABILITY TO DO ANYTHING, STRUCK HUGH AS SO FUNNY THAT HE COULD HARDLY CLIMB DOWN THE LADDER FOR LAUGHING.

YOUR PAL POTTS ROUSTED US OUT, OLD BOY. HE'S WELL ON THE WAY TO LONDON NOW, WITH TED JERNINGHAM.

AND SO, SHORTLY AFTER THAT, BULLDOG DRUMMOND WAS BREAKFASTING AT THE LARCHES.

I MUST BE IN PARIS TONIGHT. WE MAY FIND THE KEY TO THE WHOLE DASHED TANGLE THERE. MEANWHILE, TOBY, YOU STAY HERE, AND LOOK AFTER PHYLLIS.

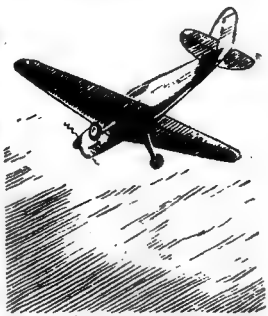
HERE--I SAY, OLD BOY, COULDN'T I DO SOMETHING A BIT MORE ACTIVE? NOT THAT I DON'T--THAT IS TO SAY, THERE'S NOTHING I SHOULD LIKE BETTER--I MEAN---

BULLDOG RELATED THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT, COOLLY, AND WITHOUT DRAMATICS. PHYLLIS WISHED WITH ALL HER HEART THAT HE WAS FINISHED WITH IT ALL AND SAFE. BUT THERE WAS NO WAY SHE COULD TALK HIM OUT OF IT. A LITTLE LATER SHE AND TOBY WATCHED HIM STRIDE AWAY.

SOME LAD. IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING SO, MISS BENTON, I WOULDN'T CHANGE HIM, IF I WERE YOU...UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'D PREFER ME!

IN LONDON, THERE WAS MUCH TO BE DONE. POTTS WAS WHISKED AWAY TO TED JERNINGHAM'S ANCESTRAL HOME, FOR SAFETY. THERE WAS A SPOT OF BOTHER WITH ONE OF PETERSON'S MEN WHO HAD BEEN SET TO TRAIL THEM, BUT HIS EFFORTS ENDED INGLORIOUSLY IN A ROADSIDE DITCH WHEN BULLDOG SPOTTED HIM.

THEN BULLDOG, TED, AND JERRY SEYMOUR SET OUT FOR PARIS IN THE LATTER'S 'PLANE.



THEY LANDED, A LITTLE ROUGHLY, IN A FIELD OUTSIDE PARIS. TED, WHO FANCIED HIMSELF AS AN ACTOR, WAS DRESSED AS A WAITER, IN WHICH DISGUISE HE HOPED TO SPY UPON CARL PETERSON'S MYSTERIOUS RENDEZVOUS AT THE PARIS RITZ.

A NICE GENTLE CRASH. JUST THE THING TO GET OVER PASSPORT DIFFICULTIES. THE ONLY DAMAGE IS A DENT IN TED'S DICKY-- BUT ALL THE BEST WAITERS HAVE THEM!

NOTHING WRONG WITH THE 'PLANE THAT A FEW BITS OF STAMP PAPER WON'T PUT RIGHT!

AN HOUR OR TWO LATER THEY WERE SITTING IN THE STATELY VESTIBULE OF THE RITZ, WHILE BULLDOG AMIABLY EXPLAINED THEIR PRESENCE TO A POLICE OFFICIAL.

NOUS AVONS LOST NOTRE DIRECTION. NOUS AVONS CRASHÉ, VOUS COMPRENEZ, MON COLONEL? VIVE LA FRANCE!

VOTRE-NOM, M'SIEUR, S'IL VOUS PLAIT?

HE WANTS YOUR NAME, OLD DEAR!

BULLDOG WAS HAPPY TO OBLIGE. BUT AS HE SPOKE, HIS KEEN EYES NOTED A MAN NEARBY WHO STARTED AT THE SOUND OF OF HIS NAME.....

DRUMMOND -- CAPTAIN HUGH DRUMMOND!

AFTER THE FRENCHMAN HAD DEPARTED THE STRANGER CAME ACROSS TO THEIR TABLE, AND INTRODUCED HIMSELF.

CAPTAIN DRUMMOND -- MY NAME IS GREEN, OF THE NEW YORK POLICE. YOU'RE ONE OF THE MEN I'VE COME ACROSS THE WATER TO SEE. I'LL COME STRAIGHT TO THE POINT. WHAT ABOUT HIRAM C. POTTS?

WHAT INDEED? SOUNDS LIKE A RIDDLE!

WEEKS AGO, WE HEARD THINGS OVER THE OTHER SIDE, ABOUT A BIG SHOW THAT WAS COOKING UP OVER HERE. BIG MEN WERE MIXED UP IN IT, BUT IT WAS NO CONCERN OF OURS, UNTIL HIRAM C. POTTS BECAME INVOLVED. I WAS SENT OVER, TO BRING HIM BACK, AND SINCE THEN HE HAS DISAPPEARED. TWO DAYS AGO, I GOT THIS CABLE, IN CIPHER. I'VE WRITTEN THE TRANSLATION UNDERNEATH...

PFTOS IN KEBR 290%%LSL LW JWY9 LPP5
GWDMP TG PTCW QP9
Captain Hugh Drummond
of Half Moon St London
is your man.

I THINK YOU'VE COME TO PARIS FOR THE SAME REASON AS I HAVE. ISN'T THAT SO?

MR. GREEN. I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'M HERE. YOU SEE THAT MAN WHO HAS JUST COME IN, WHO IS TAPPING HIS LEG WITH HIS FORE-FINGER? THAT'S WHY I'VE COME TO PARIS

HUGH'S JUDGEMENT OF MEN WAS INSTINCTIVE AND HE HAD DECIDED THAT HE COULD TRUST GREEN. AND AS FOR THE MAN WHO HAD JUST COME IN, IT WAS CARL PETERSON. DISGUISED -- BUT THAT ONE GESTURE HAD GIVEN HIM AWAY....

BULLDOG HAD WATCHED HIM DO IT BEFORE, AT THE LARCHES, AND NOTED THE MANNERISM, NOT GUESSING HOW IMPORTANT IT MIGHT BE.
MASQUERADING AS THE "COMTE DE GUY" THE DISGUISED PETERSON WAS CLEARLY EXPECTING SOMEONE TO JOIN HIM.

SWIFTLY BULLDOG TOLD GREEN WHO PETERSON WAS, AND WHAT HE HAD DONE TO POTTS. AND AS HE SPOKE, PETERSON WAS JOINED BY THREE OTHER MEN...
IF THAT'S THE GUY WHO'S BEEN MONKEYING WITH POTTS, THEN WHAT'S HE DOING WITH HOCKING, OUR COTTON TRUST MAN, STEINEMANN, THE GERMAN COAL-OWNER, AND VON GRATZ, THE STEEL BARON? THAT LOT HAVE MORE MILLIONS BETWEEN THEM THAN WE HAVE TEETH!

FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME, I THINK I KNOW THIS MAN YOU CALL PETERSON. I'VE MET HIM AS FRANKLYN, AS LIBSTEIN, AS BARON DARROT--AND HE'S HAD A DOZEN OTHER NAMES. BUT WHAT'S HIS GAME THIS TIME?
INDUSTRIAL SABOTAGE ON A VAST SCALE I'D SAY, AND THOSE OTHER THREE ARE FOOTING THE BILL. BUT EXCUSE ME A MOMENT---WAITER!

THE "WAITER" WAS TED JERNINGHAM.
THIS IS TED JERNINGHAM, IN WHOSE HAPPY HOME YOUR OLD PAL POTTS IS NOW SAFELY LODGED. TED, THOSE FOUR WHO HAVE JUST GONE INTO THE RESTAURANT ARE OUR BIRDS. DO YOUR STUFF.
RIGHT-HO, OLD BEAN, BUT DON'T HOPE FOR TOO MUCH!

THE SHAPE OF THIS PLOT IS AS PLAIN AS YOUR NOSE ON YOUR FACE. THOSE THREE WITH PETERSON ARE ALL MEN WHO WOULD BENEFIT FINANCIALLY IF ENGLAND WENT ANARCHIST. AND PETERSON HAS TALKED THEM INTO PAYING HIM HANDSOMELY TO FIX IT. MAYBE POTTS WAS TO HAVE BEEN IN IT TOO...
I THINK SO. BUT DEAR OLD POTTSY WASN'T HAVING ANY. BUT WHERE DOES HENRY LAKINGTON FIT IN? AND WHAT ABOUT THE PEARLS?

BUT BEFORE THEY COULD SPECULATE FURTHER THERE CAME AN INTERRUPTION. TED JERNINGHAM WAS IN FULL FLIGHT FROM THE RESTAURANT.
YOU'RE SPOTTED, HUGH. LOOK OUT. THE LEDGER AT THE ELMS IS THE THING. SO LONG!

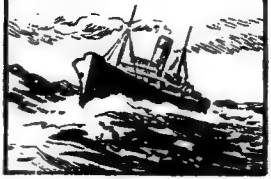
THE LEDGER! DRUMMOND HAD WATCHED PETERSON WRITE IN A LEDGER THROUGH THAT SKYLIGHT LAST NIGHT! BUT BEFORE HE COULD CARRY HIS THOUGHTS FURTHER, TED'S PURSUERS ARRIVED.

M'SIEUR--HE VAS IMPOSTOR--UN SCELERAT! HE OPSET ZE FISH ALL DOWN ZE WAISTCOAT OF M'SIEUR LE COMTE....

DEAR OLD TED! I KNEW HE'D KEEP HIS END UP!

IT WAS THE COMTE DE GUY WHO BOARDED THE BOAT EXPRESS AT THE GARE DU NORD NEXT DAY; IT WAS CARL PETERSON WHO STEPPED OFF THE BOAT EXPRESS AT BOULOGNE. IT WAS ONLY BULLDOG'S POSITIVE ASSURANCE THAT CONVINCED THE AMERICAN THAT THE TWO CHARACTERS WERE ONE AND THE SAME MAN.

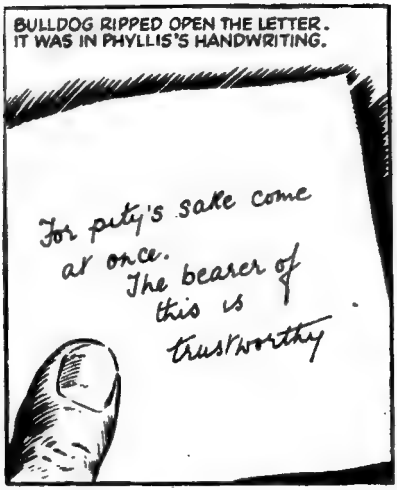
THE CHANNEL CROSSING PROVED TO BE FAR FROM SMOOTH, AND BULLDOG HAD THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING HIS ARCH ENEMY BEING VIOLENTLY SEA-SICK.



BUT AT HALF MOON STREET THEY WERE MET BY PETER DARREL...

THANK THE LORD YOU'VE COME. THERE'S SOMETHING HAPPENING DOWN AT GODALMING I DON'T LIKE!

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK TOBY RANG UP. HE WAS TALKING HIS USUAL DRIVEL, WHEN SUDDENLY HE STOPPED SHORT, AND SAID, "WHAT THE BLAZES DO YOU WANT?" THEN THERE WAS A SOUND OF A SCUFFLE, AND THE LINE WENT DEAD... HALF AN HOUR AGO, THIS LETTER ARRIVED....


BULLDOG RIPPED OPEN THE LETTER. IT WAS IN PHYLLIS'S HANDWRITING.
For pity's sake come at once. The bearer of this is trustworthy

INSIDE TEN MINUTES, BULLDOG WAS SPEEDING SOUTHWARD IN THE BENTLEY, WITH GREEN AT HIS SIDE. HE DROVE LIKE A MANIAC, WITH ONE THOUGHT UPPERMOST IN HIS MIND; PHYLLIS WAS IN DANGER.

THE LARCHES WAS IN SILENCE--DESERTED. NOBODY ANSWERED HIS RING. BULLDOG PUT HIS SHOULDER TO THE SIDE DOOR.....

SWIFTLY THEY SEARCHED EVERY ?OOM....

NOBODY HERE, EITHER--

THE PLACE IS EMPTY!

THEN THEY CAME TO THE DINING-ROOM.

PHYLLIS WAS IN MORTAL DANGER! BULLDOG THREW ALL CAUTION TO THE WINDS, AND DASHED ACROSS THE LAWNS, RUNNING LIKE A STAG.

I'M COMING, DARLING!

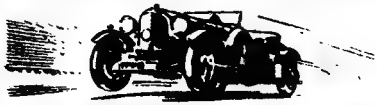
STOP, YOU YOUNG FOOL!

IT WAS A TRAP! SUBCONSCIOUSLY BULLDOG KNEW THAT, BUT THE SOUND OF PHYLLIS SCREAMING HAD DRIVEN ALL ELSE FROM HIS MIND.
HE HURLED HIMSELF INTO THE ELMS THROUGH THE GARDEN DOOR, AND THEN...

IT'S TOO EASY!

SO YOU THOUGHT BEFORE, HENRY. IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU'LL FINISH HIM OFF HERE AND NOW.

BUT HENRY LAKINGTON HAD NO INTENTION OF LETTING BULLDOG OFF SO LIGHTLY. HE MEANT HIM TO SUFFER BEFORE HE DIED. BUT TIME, AS IT PROVED, WAS ON BULLDOG'S SIDE. FOR GREEN, THE AMERICAN DETECTIVE, HAD NOT FALLEN INTO THE TRAP, AND EVEN NOW WAS SPEEDING TOWARDS LONDON TO FETCH HELP.

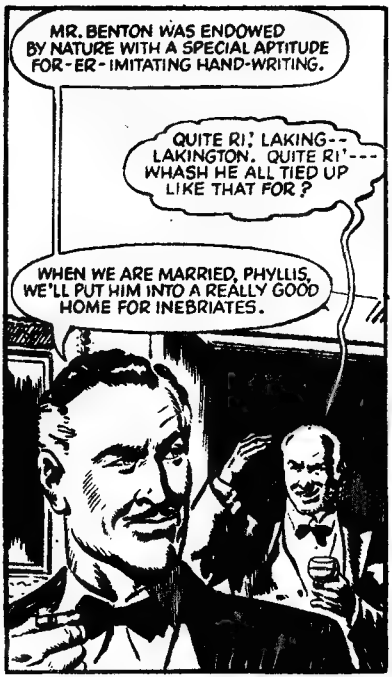


BULLDOG CAME TO HIMSELF A WHILE LATER – BOUND TIGHTLY IN A CHAIR. TOBY SINCLAIR AND ALGY WERE IN THE SAME PLIGHT – – AND PHYLLIS WAS THERE, TOO.

WHY DID YOU COME? DIDN'T YOU KNOW IT WAS ONLY A FORGERY, THAT NOTE?

A FORGERY? WAS IT, INDEED!

AN INTERESTING POINT. SURELY IF A GIRL CANNOT OR WILL NOT WRITE TO HER FIANCÉ, HER FATHER IS THE BEST PERSON TO DO IT FOR HER!


MR. BENTON WAS ENDOWED BY NATURE WITH A SPECIAL APTITUDE FOR-ER-IMITATING HAND-WRITING.
QUITE RI,' LAKING-- LAKINGTON. QUITE RI'--- WHASH HE ALL TIED UP LIKE THAT FOR ?
WHEN WE ARE MARRIED, PHYLLIS, WE'LL PUT HIM INTO A REALLY GOOD HOME FOR INEBRIATES.

PHYLLIS STARTED TO REPLY ANGRILY, BUT LAKINGTON STEPPED SWIFTLY TOWARDS HER, AND.....
MARRIED! WHY, YOU LOATHSOME REPT----

HAVING KISSED THE LADY, IT'S QUITE IN KEEPING TO DO THIS--AND THIS--AND THIS....
THAT WILL DO, LAKINGTON. HAVE THE GIRL CARRIED UPSTAIRS. IT'S TIME WE WERE OFF.

SOON BULLDOG, ALGY, AND TOBY WERE LEFT ALONE. THEY HEARD THE SOUNDS OF THE TWO ARCH-CROOKS' DEPARTURE IN THE ROLLS. THEN SEVERAL HOURS PASSED AND DAYLIGHT BEGAN TO FADE. AT LAST ONE OF THE GANG APPEARED, CARRYING FOOD ON A TRAY.

FOOD, SO THAT YOU SHALL BE FIT FOR TORTURE TOMORROW!

IF WE'RE HERE TOMORROW, THERE'S A THOUSAND POUNDS IN MY WALLET, MY FRIEND...

BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO UNWIND THIS ROPE ROUND MY ARMS TO GET AT IT, Y'KNOW.

FOR A MOMENT THE MAN HESITATED. THEN GREED CONQUERED CAUTION. AFTER ALL--THERE WAS A SEPARATE ROPE TYING BULLDOG'S LEGS. WHY SHOULDN'T HE HAVE THE MONEY? ONCE HE'D GOT IT, HE NEEDN'T KEEP HIS WORD. ..FROM BEHIND DRUMMOND--KEEPING WELL OUT OF THE WAY OF THOSE POWERFUL ARMS--HE BEGAN UNTYING KNOTS....

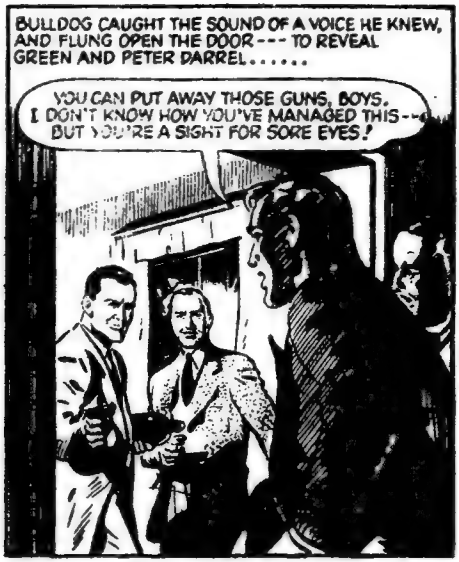
THE UPPER ROPE CAME CLEAR, AND THE THUG LEAPED BACK OUT OF RANGE.

COME AND GET IT, CHUM.

THE MAN REACHED FOR THE WALLET, AND THEN....

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE FREE AGAIN....
POOR BRUTE! ALL I HAVE IN MY WALLET IS A TEN BOB NOTE--AND THAT'S PATCHED WITH STAMP-PAPER!

SILENTLY, THEY SET OUT TO EXPLORE THE HOUSE. THAT THERE WERE OTHERS OF THE GANG ABOUT THEY FELT SURE. THEY FOUND A DOOR, UNDER WHICH LIGHT STREAMED, AND THROUGH WHICH CAME STRANGE NOISES....
ZZZZZZ-ZZZZZZ-ZZZZZ
RRRRRURRR...


BULLDOG CAUGHT THE SOUND OF A VOICE HE KNEW, AND FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR --- TO REVEAL GREEN AND PETER DARREL.....
YOU CAN PUT AWAY THOSE GUNS, BOYS. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'VE MANAGED THIS -- BUT YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

THEY TOOK PLENTY OF GAS - BUT THEY LOOK HAPPY NOW. WE'VE GOT A LORRY LOAD OF THE BOYS OUTSIDE.
THE GANG IS NOW WELL UNDER CONTROL - ALL EXCEPT THE BIG THREE - LAKINGTON - IRMA AND CARL.
PRICELESS! THE PHILLISTINES ARE DELIVERED INTO OUR HANDS, EVEN UP TO THE NECK. GET THE BOYS IN, PETER, AND CLEAR THIS LOT OUT TO THE LORRY. WE'LL GO UPSTAIRS AND MOP UP.

THEY SOON FOUND PHYLLIS.....

YOUR FACE -- YOUR POOR FACE! THAT BRUTE LAKINGTON!

IT'S SOMETHING TO KNOW THAT ANYTHING COULD DAMAGE IT! AS FOR LAKINGTON — I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM AGAIN. SOMETHING TELLS ME I SHALL FIND HIM AT LAIDLEY TOWERS!

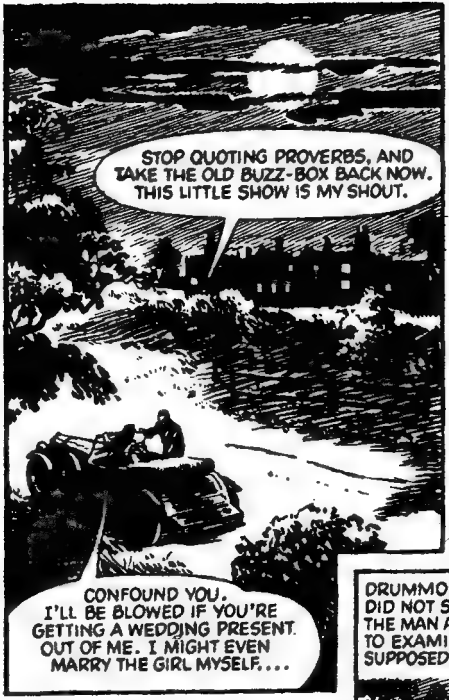
LAIDLEY TOWERS -- THE HOME OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF LAMPSHIRE, WHERE TONIGHT THE DUCHESS WOULD BE WEARING HER FAMOUS PEARLS IN HONOUR OF THE MARQUIS OF LAIDLEY'S - HER SON'S - COMING OF AGE. BULLDOG KNEW THAT LAIDLEY TOWERS WAS THE SCENE OF THE NEXT ACT IN THE DRAMA.

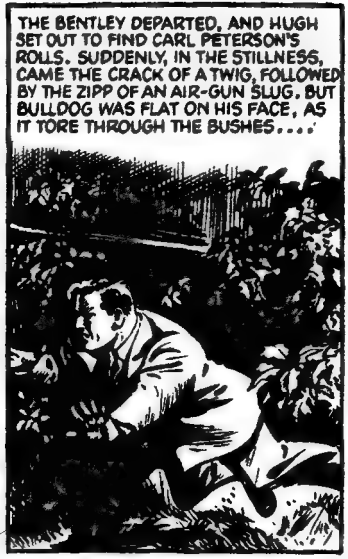
BUT BEFORE HE SET OUT TO ACT HIS PART, HE GATHERED HIS FRIENDS AROUND HIM, AND OUTLINED THE PLAN TO THEM.

THEN, WITH TOBY SINCLAIR, HE MADE FOR THE TOWERS.

TOBY -- I'VE A HORRID FEELING THAT THE HUNT IS NEARLY OVER. THINK OF IT, TOBY -- NO LAKINGTON -- NO PETERSON....

YOU'LL BE GETTING MARRIED, OLD BOY, YOU KNOW, AND THERE'S MANY A SLIP.....

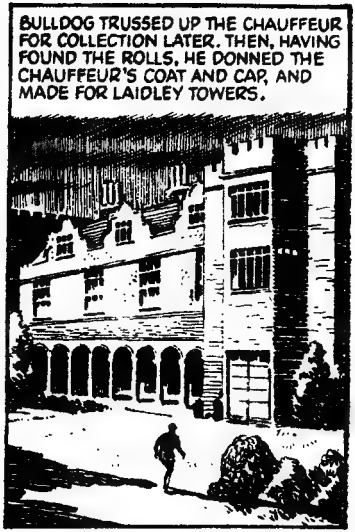

STOP QUOTING PROVERBS, AND TAKE THE OLD BUZZ-BOX BACK NOW. THIS LITTLE SHOW IS MY SHOUT.
CONFOUND YOU. I'LL BE BLOWED IF YOU'RE GETTING A WEDDING PRESENT OUT OF ME. I MIGHT EVEN MARRY THE GIRL MYSELF....


THE BENTLEY DEPARTED, AND HUGH SET OUT TO FIND CARL PETERSON'S ROLLS. SUDDENLY, IN THE STILLNESS, CAME THE CRACK OF A TWIG, FOLLOWED BY THE ZIPP OF AN AIR-GUN SLUG. BUT BULLDOG WAS FLAT ON HIS FACE, AS IT TORE THROUGH THE BUSHES....

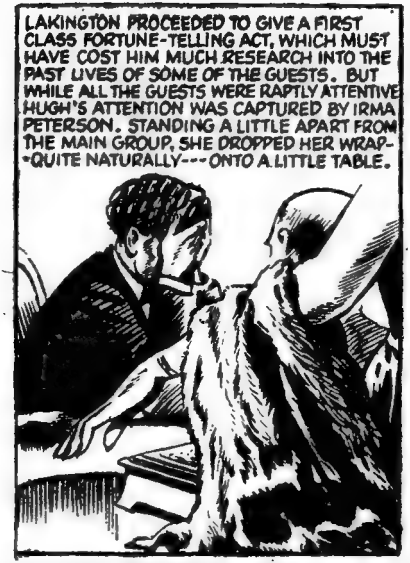
THEN THE BUSHES PARTED, AND PETERSON'S CHAUFFEUR PEERED OUT.

DRUMMOND DID NOT STIR. THE MAN ADVANCED, TO EXAMINE HIS SUPPOSED VICTIM....

....WHICH WAS ABOUT AS HEALTHY A PASTIME AS OFFERING PEPPERMINTS TO A MAN-EATING TIGER.

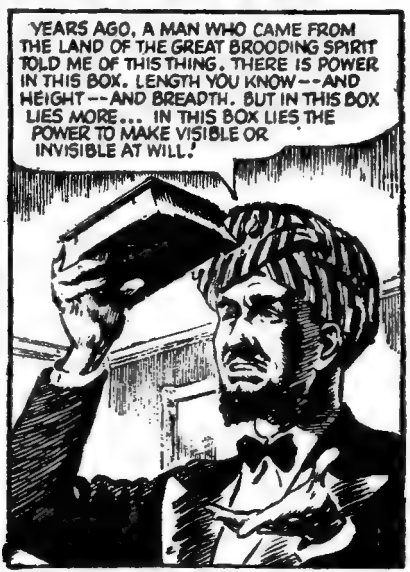

BULLDOG TRUSSED UP THE CHAUFFEUR FOR COLLECTION LATER. THEN, HAVING FOUND THE ROLLS, HE DONNED THE CHAUFFEUR'S COAT AND CAP, AND MADE FOR LAIDLEY TOWERS.

BULLDOG PEERED IN AT THE SCENE IN THE BIG DRAWING ROOM.....
THE NIGHT IS DARK-- DARK WITH STRANGE THOUGHTS. AND THE TRUTH IS WRITTEN IN THE SANDS...
SPARING NOTHING FOR THE SUCCESS OF THIS PARTY, THE DUCHESS HAD ENGAGED THE SERVICES OF ONE RAM DAR, PERFORMER OF THINGS OCCULT.
BULLDOG KNEW AT A GLANCE THAT RAM DAR WAS NONE OTHER THAN HENRY LAKINGTON!


LAKINGTON PROCEEDED TO GIVE A FIRST CLASS FORTUNE-TELLING ACT, WHICH MUST HAVE COST HIM MUCH RESEARCH INTO THE PAST LIVES OF SOME OF THE GUESTS. BUT WHILE ALL THE GUESTS WERE RAPTLY ATTENTIVE HUGH'S ATTENTION WAS CAPTURED BY IRMA PETERSON. STANDING A LITTLE APART FROM THE MAIN GROUP, SHE DROPPED HER WRAP--QUITE NATURALLY---ONTO A LITTLE TABLE.

THE GIRL PICKED UP HER WRAP AGAIN. BUT NOW, BULLDOG SAW, THE CASKET ON THE TABLE WAS NOT THE ORIGINAL ONE, BUT A DUPLICATE. THE CHANGE-OVER HAD BEEN BEAUTIFULLY DONE. THE STAGE WAS NOW SET.

LAKINGTON PRETENDED TO NOTICE THE BOX FOR THE FIRST TIME... HE POINTED DRAMATICALLY.
THE SACRED CASKET OF THE CHOW KINGS! FASHIONED WITH THE BLOOD OF MEN -- GUARDED WITH THEIR LIVES -- HOW CAME IT HERE?
ER-ONE OF MY ANCESTORS PICKED IT UP SOMEWHERE...


YEARS AGO, A MAN WHO CAME FROM THE LAND OF THE GREAT BROODING SPIRIT TOLD ME OF THIS THING. THERE IS POWER IN THIS BOX. LENGTH YOU KNOW--AND HEIGHT--AND BREADTH. BUT IN THIS BOX LIES MORE... IN THIS BOX LIES THE POWER TO MAKE VISIBLE OR INVISIBLE AT WILL!

THE FOURTH DIMENSION, WHAT!

THAT'S A TALL ORDER. PUT THINGS INSIDE, AND THEY COME AND GO!

BUNG SOMETHING INSIDE, AND TRY IT!

SAHIB! STOP! TO YOU THIS BOX IS NOTHING-- TO ME IT IS SACRED BEYOND WORDS!

FOR CENTURIES THAT BOX HELD THE JEWELS OF THE CHOW QUEENS, WRAPPED IN CLOTH OF GOLD, OF WHICH THIS IS BUT A POOR IMITATION. THESE JEWELS WERE HELD IN HIGHEST REVERENCE. WOULD YOU HAVE ME COMMIT SACRILEGE?

MR. RAM DAR -- PERHAPS---MY PEARLS, THOUGH THEY AREN'T HISTORIC, WOULD SERVE....

YOU ASK ME MUCH. BUT I WILL TRY. NO HANDS BUT YOURS MUST TOUCH THE PEARLS. WRAP THEM IN THE CLOTH OF GOLD, AND PLACE THEM IN THE CASKET!

THE DUCHESS DID AS RAM DAR--LAKINGTON--BID HER. THEN THE CROOK KNELT, AND SPRINKLED POWDER INTO A LITTLE BRAZIER, CHANTING HARSHLY AT THE SAME TIME. WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW, BULLDOG HAD TO ADMIT THAT HE PUT UP A GOOD SHOW...

THE CHANTING ENDED, AND AT A WORD FROM RAM DAR THE DUCHESS STEPPED FORWARD TO OPEN THE BOX AGAIN.

WHY--MY PEARLS--THEY'RE GONE! THE BOX IS EMPTY!

LOOK, OH SAHIBS--BUT DO NOT TOUCH. SEE THAT TO MORTAL EYES THE BOX IS EMPTY.

BULLDOG KNEW THAT THE CASKET MUST BE FITTED WITH A TRICK BOTTOM, WHICH NOW HID THE PEARLS, FOR THIS WAS NOT THE ORIGINAL BOX, BUT THE ONE IRMA HAD PUT IN ITS PLACE. BULLDOG COULD HAVE BUTTED IN THEN, BUT IT DID NOT SUIT HIM TO DO SO. RAM DAR SPOKE AGAIN.

IF YOU WISH THE PEARLS TO RETURN, LOCK THE CASKET, AND PLACE IT UPON THE TABLE ONCE MORE. THEN STAND BACK, FOR THE GODS MUST HAVE SPACE....

THIS WAS DONE. THEN RAM DAR THREW MORE POWDER UPON THE BRAZIER---THE SWEET SMELLING SMOKE GREW THICKER--- HIS CHANTING BECAME MORE FRENZIED. ONLY BULLDOG SAW THE FIGURE OF IRMA THROUGH THE WREATHING SMOKE....

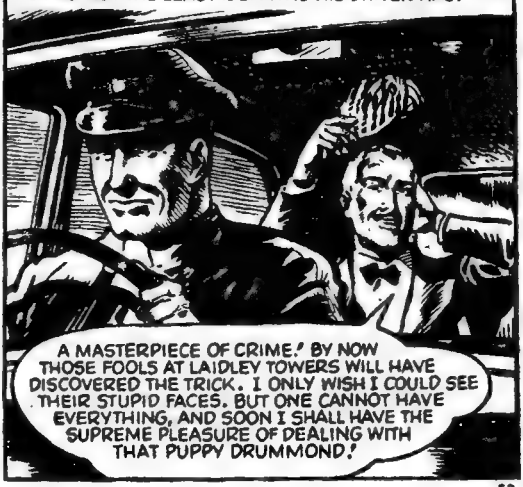
SHE WAS TAKING THE FAKE CASKET, WHICH CONTAINED THE REAL PEARLS, AND PUTTING BACK THE REAL CASKET, WHICH NOW HELD A STRING OF FAKE PEARLS!

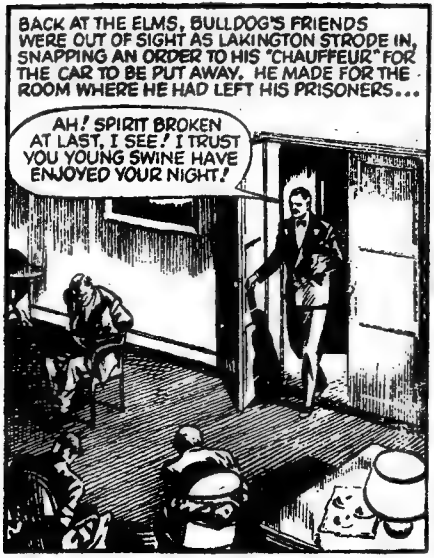
AT A WORD FROM RAM DAR, THE DUCHESS OPENED THE CASKET AGAIN, AND THERE WAS A PACKAGE WRAPPED IN SILVER TISSUE.....

AND HIDDEN BY THE THICK SMOKE, RAM DAR SLIPPED OUT THROUGH THE FRENCH WINDOWS, WITH THE CASKET UNDER HIS ARM. CLUSTERED AROUND THE DUCHESS, THE GUESTS DID NOT EVEN MISS HIM.

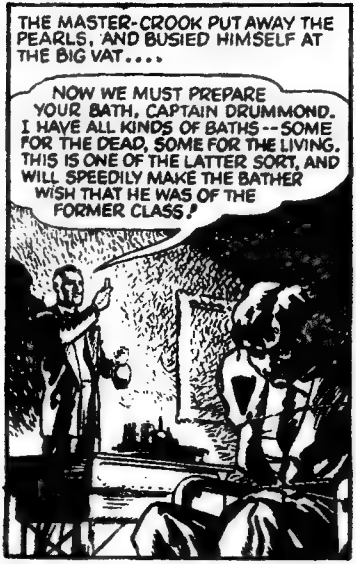
IN HIS CHAUFFEUR'S UNIFORM, BULLDOG SPRINTED FOR THE ROLLS, AND WAS THERE IN TIME TO DRIVE HENRY LAKINGTON BACK TO THE ELMS.....

LAKINGTON HAD THE PEARLS. THE ROBBERY HAD BEEN DARINGLY PLANNED, AND SUPERBLY CARRIED OUT. BUT THE CROOK WAS LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE. HE HAD NOT THE LEAST IDEA WHO HIS DRIVER WAS!



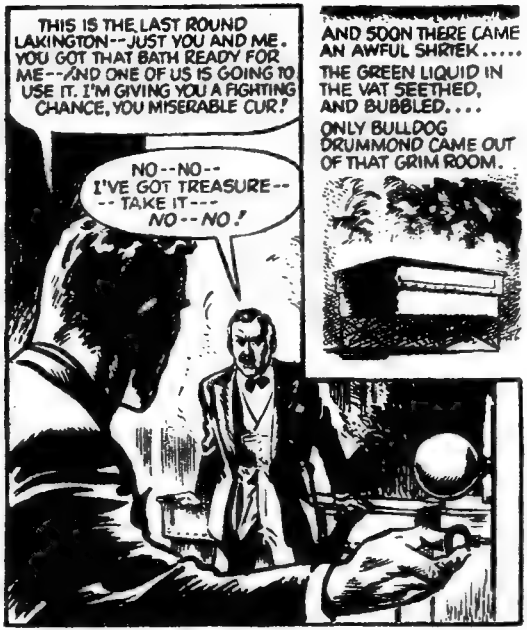

BACK AT THE ELMS, BULLDOG'S FRIENDS WERE OUT OF SIGHT AS LAKINGTON STRODE IN, SNAPPING AN ORDER TO HIS "CHAUFFEUR" FOR THE CAR TO BE PUT AWAY. HE MADE FOR THE ROOM WHERE HE HAD LEFT HIS PRISONERS...
AH! SPIRIT BROKEN AT LAST, I SEE! I TRUST YOU YOUNG SWINE HAVE ENJOYED YOUR NIGHT!

THEN LAKINGTON PRISED OPEN A FLAP AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FAKE CASKET...
MINE--ALL MINE! THEY SHALL FIND A FITTING PLACE WITH MY OTHER TREASURES!


THE MASTER-CROOK PUT AWAY THE PEARLS, AND BUSIED HIMSELF AT THE BIG VAT....
NOW WE MUST PREPARE YOUR BATH, CAPTAIN DRUMMOND. I HAVE ALL KINDS OF BATHS--SOME FOR THE DEAD, SOME FOR THE LIVING. THIS IS ONE OF THE LATTER SORT, AND WILL SPEEDILY MAKE THE BATHER WISH THAT HE WAS OF THE FORMER CLASS!

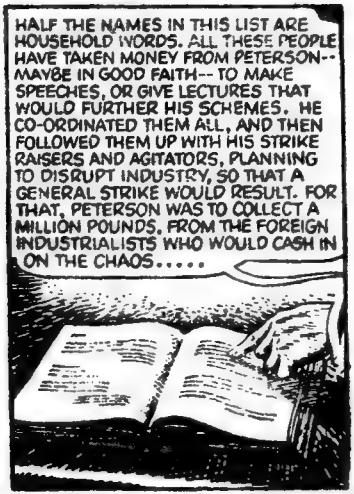
COME, CAPTAIN DRU----
THUNDER! WHAT'S HAPPENED!

LOOKING FOR ME, LAKINGTON?


THIS IS THE LAST ROUND LAKINGTON--JUST YOU AND ME. YOU GOT THAT BATH READY FOR ME--AND ONE OF US IS GOING TO USE IT. I'M GIVING YOU A FIGHTING CHANCE, YOU MISERABLE CUR!
NO--NO-- I'VE GOT TREASURE-- --TAKE IT--- NO--NO!

AND SOON THERE CAME AN AWFUL SHRIEK.....
THE GREEN LIQUID IN THE VAT SEETHED, AND BUBBLED....
ONLY BULLDOG DRUMMOND CAME OUT OF THAT GRIM ROOM.

MEANWHILE, GREEN, THE AMERICAN DETECTIVE, HAD FOUND CARL PETERSON'S LEDGER...
HOLY SMOKE! THE COMPLETE PLAN'S HERE!
AND LOOK AT THAT LIST OF NAMES--SOME OF THEM ARE BIG ONES!

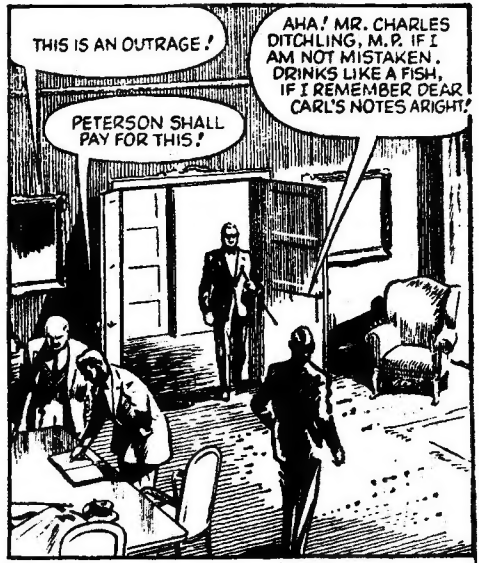

HALF THE NAMES IN THIS LIST ARE HOUSEHOLD WORDS. ALL THESE PEOPLE HAVE TAKEN MONEY FROM PETERSON--MAYBE IN GOOD FAITH--TO MAKE SPEECHES, OR GIVE LECTURES THAT WOULD FURTHER HIS SCHEMES. HE CO-ORDINATED THEM ALL, AND THEN FOLLOWED THEM UP WITH HIS STRIKE RAISERS AND AGITATORS, PLANNING TO DISRUPT INDUSTRY, SO THAT A GENERAL STRIKE WOULD RESULT. FOR THAT, PETERSON WAS TO COLLECT A MILLION POUNDS, FROM THE FOREIGN INDUSTRIALISTS WHO WOULD CASH IN ON THE CHAOS.....

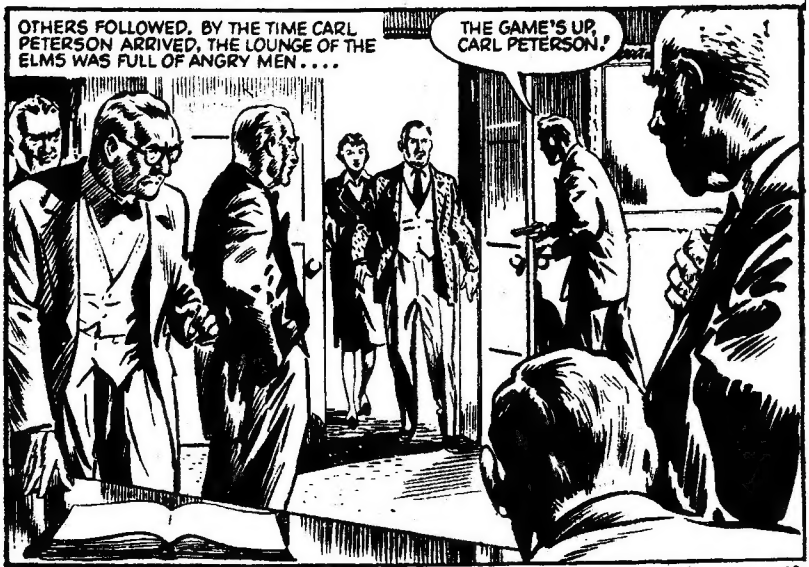
EVERYTHING WAS BECOMING CLEAR. PETERSON HAD BEEN ORGANIZING A CRIPPLING BLOW AGAINST THE INDUSTRIES OF ENGLAND. HE HAD WELDED POLITICAL CRANKS AND THEORISTS INTO A SINGLE MACHINE TO WORK HIS WILL. AND SUCH WERE HIS QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP THAT THEY LOOKED UP TO HIM AS A GREAT MAN -- THE ONE WHO HAD UNIFIED ALL THEIR SCATTERED EFFORTS.

AND PETERSON'S PAY-OFF WAS TO HAVE BEEN A MILLION POUNDS, PAID BY FOUR "CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY" OF WHOM ONLY THE AMERICAN, POTTS, HAD STOOD OUT AGAINST HIS SCHEMES.

AND BUT FOR BULLDOG DRUMMOND, POTTS TOO WOULD HAVE BEEN ENMESHED IN THE VAST PLOT.....

LET ME SEE--AH--HERE WE ARE. I QUOTE. NESTOR, VALLANCE. SO CALLED AUTHOR. HOT AIR EXPERT. USEFUL UP TO A POINT. INORDINATELY CONCEITED, AND NOT FIT TO BE TRUSTED FAR. CROFTER, JOHN. A BLACKGUARD. OUT FOR HIS OWN ENDS. NEEDS WATCHING.


THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
PETERSON SHALL PAY FOR THIS!
AHA! MR. CHARLES DITCHLING, M.P. IF I AM NOT MISTAKEN. DRINKS LIKE A FISH, IF I REMEMBER DEAR CARL'S NOTES ARIGHT!


OTHERS FOLLOWED. BY THE TIME CARL PETERSON ARRIVED, THE LOUNGE OF THE ELMS WAS FULL OF ANGRY MEN....
THE GAME'S UP, CARL PETERSON!

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